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HONGKONG & KOWLOON

No. 37189

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1958.

Price 30 Cents

Comment Of The Day

Hope For Addicts

IF there is one fault in Government's new plan to establish a special institution for drug addicts, it is that it is to be administered exclusively by the Prison Department, when it ought to be an institution coming under either the Health or Social Services Department—or perhaps all three. For essentially it should be a place where a convicted man is imprisoned, a hospital and a centre of reform and rehabilitation.

We said recently convicted addicts could not be properly treated during a short prison term and many are short-termers. The need is to detain them "at Her Majesty's pleasure" since they are a menace to themselves and the community and constitute our biggest social problem.

But by urging unspecified detention, we do not suggest that an addict is no more responsible for his crime than the insane (though there is no reason why he should not be treated in a similar way), or that the convicted addict should escape punishment (for he will in fact serve his sentence at the institution). The value of unlimited detention, followed if necessary by "local exile" in remote Lantau or elsewhere is that the addict may be kept away from society until he is fit to return to it and fortified physically and morally to resist this terrible temptation when he again encounters it.

NINETY-ONE MEN TRAPPED IN NORTH AMERICAN MINE DISASTER LITTLE HOPE FOR MINERS

Attempts Made To Reach Survivors

Springhill, Nova Scotia, Oct. 24.
There is little or no hope of rescuing 91 mine workers trapped since last night in North America's deepest pit here, a coal company official said today.

SUPPORT FOR UN POLICE FORCE

London, Oct. 24.
Mr Selwyn Lloyd, British Foreign Secretary, said tonight it had been suggested that a permanent United Nations international police force should consist of 20,000 men.

In a United Nations Day broadcast he said there was "considerable support" for the idea of a force permanently available to keep the peace. Mr Lloyd added that two questions of principle arose. "Is the employment of this force to be subject to the veto? Is the force only to be used in a particular country with the consent of that country?"

Good Use

The Foreign Secretary said since the present government took action in Jordan last July he believed that "the United Nations has been making good use of the time gained by our action, to develop a United Nations presence in the area."

"Its purpose is to influence events and actions in such a way that the good neighbour policy which the Arab countries expressed in the resolution of August 22, can be carried out in fact."—Reuter.

Primate Dies

Sydney, Oct. 24.
The Anglican Primate of Australia and Archbishop of Sydney, the Most Reverend H.W.K. Mowll, died here tonight, aged 69.—Reuter.

De Gaulle In Contact With Rebels?

Paris, Oct. 24.
The French Government and the Algerian insurgent leaders in Cairo are in contact through unofficial intermediaries, it was learned from usually reliable sources here tonight.

But so far no word has been received to indicate whether the insurgent leaders are prepared to accept General Charles de Gaulle's offer to come to Paris in order to organise a ceasefire in Algeria.

The insurgent camp was reported here to be "heretofore divided. It has appeared that the Nationalist leader, Ferhat Abbas, is in favour of abandoning the armed rebellion but that some military leaders want to fight to the finish."

Whatever the insurgents in Cairo decide, the Government here believes that the end of the armed rebellion in Algeria is in sight.

The French Army is carrying out very energetic operations against the chief remaining rebel strongholds, especially in the Kabylie region of eastern Algeria.

General de Gaulle himself is credited with the hope of being able to bring an end to the fighting before the middle of December, and of being in a position to present himself for election as President of the Sixth Republic as the man who has completed the two tasks for which he took power last June—that of returning the government to the fold and of saving Algeria from war and secession.—Reuter.

American Ketch Missing

Melbourne, Oct. 24.
Ships and planes are searching the South Pacific for a 32-foot ketch missing between Apia in the Fiji Islands and Suva in the Solomon Islands, with an American couple on board.—Reuter.

New Premier

Karachi, Oct. 24.
President Iskander Mirza of Pakistan today constituted a 12-member central cabinet and appointed General Mohammed Ayub Khan as Prime Minister.—Reuter.

Italian Cardinal To Be Next Pope?

Vatican City, Oct. 24.
The silver-haired Armenian Patriarch Cardinal Peter Gregory XV Agagianian peered in astonishment through his big round spectacles at a crowd of Rome citizens when they greeted him today with shouts of "Viva il nuovo Papa"—Long live the new Pope.

He was driving to a meeting of the 52 cardinals who will tomorrow night begin the papal election in secret conclave.

Emerging by car from the Palace of the Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith, he made the sign of the cross over the crowd who had apparently already decided in their minds that he would be the successful candidate.

But the general impression emerging from preliminary secret consultations among the cardinals is that they will first try to agree on an Italian cardinal.

Vatican experts estimated today that the Roman Catholic Church would probably have a new Pope on Monday or Tuesday.

The cardinals today had their last daily meeting before they are called up in the Vatican Palace with 200 attendants to remain out of the world until they agree on the new Pope.

Vatican experts predicted today that it will take between eight and a dozen ballots to secure the necessary majority of two-thirds plus one. The cardinals will vote twice each morning, beginning on Sunday, and twice each evening.

The last time a non-Italian Pope was elected, the Dutchman Adrian VI in 1522, angry crowds stoned the cardinals as they emerged from the conclave. The crowds cheering Cardinal Agagianian today indicated that the Roman citizens might now welcome a break in the 400-year-old tradition.—Reuter.

Violent Protest In Russia Against Nobel Prize Award

Moscow, Oct. 24.
A violent protest against the award of the 1958 Nobel Prize for Literature to Soviet writer Boris Pasternak was carried by the Russian weekly Literaturnaya Gazeta today, Moscow radio reported.

NEW U.S. CHINA POLICY?

Washington, Oct. 24.
Has the United States embarked on a new China policy with emphasis on the independence of Formosa?

Many diplomats here believe they have.

The statement issued after Mr Dulles' conference with President Eisenhower again placed emphasis on the desire of General Chiang Kai-shek, to bring about freedom on the Chinese mainland through peaceful means and not by the use of force.

This backed up the statement in Taipei yesterday following the Secretary of State's three-day conference with General Chiang.

That said the Nationalist Government believed that the "principal means" of restoring freedom to the mainland lay not in the use of force but in the minds and hearts of the Chinese people.

The Secretary of State appeared to envisage an independent Formosa when he talked of the existence of a "Free China" which would "sustain the minds and hearts of the mainland Chinese so that they are unconquerable."—Reuter.

Advance Party

Nicosia, Oct. 24.
The advance party of British troops from Jordan, about 100 paratroopers arrived in Cyprus this evening.—Reuter.

The paper denounced Pasternak's work as "a foreign body in Soviet literature."

The paper said: "Pasternak has made his choice, he has chosen shame and infamy." The paper added: "The awarding of the Nobel Prize is an ideological rally of international reaction. Boris Pasternak has slandered our country and long ago forgot how to tell the truth."

Literaturnaya Gazeta is the official mouthpiece of the Union of Soviet Writers.

Hailed

But the Soviet Minister of Culture, Nikolai Mikhalov, hailed Boris Pasternak as an "authentic poet" in the first official Soviet reaction to the prize.

Mikhailov said at a reception at the Kremlin last night in honour of the Vice-President of the United Arab Republic, that "all Soviet citizens recognize Pasternak as an authentic poet and an exceptional translator."

Nevertheless, Mikhailov said he agreed entirely with the judgment of the Soviet Union against Pasternak's novel "Doctor Zhivago," which won him the Nobel Prize for Literature this year. The book is banned in Russia. This work, the dispatch said, had furnished the West with a pretext for anti-Soviet campaigns, and had been the subject of a letter by the novelist, Constantin Fedin and Leonid Leonov, reproaching Pasternak for "mad individualism and mystical and pessimistic tendencies" in his work.

Soviet writer Boris Pasternak told Western journalists today that the award of the Nobel Prize for Literature had brought him "great joy."

He said that it had taken him nearly 10 years to write "Doctor Zhivago," but added that the work had often been interrupted.—France-Press.

Communists Give Confucius 'A Party Ticket'

Singapore, Oct. 24.
Singapore's Chinese Chief Minister, Mr Lim Yew-hock, today accused Communist China of "disgracing" Chinese culture.

Two days ago the Government banned the works of 55 publishing houses in China and Hongkong. These included famous Chinese classics and some translations of Shakespeare.

Today, in a statement, the Chief Minister said: "Confucius, like the Chinese peasant of today, must join an intellectual commune in subordination to the Communist party in power."

GREAT CLASSICS

"Confucius, and all the great classics, are reprinted in China with Communist editing, with Communist introductions, and with Communist morals drawn."

Mr Lim said he wanted to see the great Chinese classics published in Singapore or in "free" publishing houses in Hongkong: "Free from political contamination - of the Communists, who must give Confucius a party ticket before he can leave the shores of China."—Reuter.

RAF VULCAN DESTROYS 20 HOUSES IN DETROIT

Detroit, Oct. 24.
A Royal Air Force four-jet bomber, carrying six men, crashed into a group of homes near the Detroit river today, setting 20 houses afire.

There was no report of survivors, and part of the body of one victim was recovered. Five houses were nearly destroyed and 15 others were damaged by fire.

Survivors

A Detroit police boat, patrolling the Detroit River, near the crash fouled its propeller on a parachute, and began an immediate search of the river for survivor or victims.

A check of hospitals in the Detroit area revealed only one person, a woman, brought in for treatment of burns from the fire that swept the homes. Mrs Emily Ewald, 65, was treated for severe burns on the arms and face.

The plane, an RAF Vulcan delta wing jet bomber, was en route from Goose Bay, Labrador, to Lincoln Air Force Base, Nebraska.

There was early confusion as to whether the plane might have been a Canadian Air Force plane. But an RAF spokesman at St Hubert, Quebec, said the RAF had no planes of that type.

Sac Mission

He said British RAF planes frequently make flights to the United States on missions in conjunction with the United States Strategic Air Command.

The plane struck one house and exploded, spewing flames over other houses in a wide area. It then plunged into the ground, ploughing a furrow 30 feet long and as deep as 15 feet.—U.P.I.

CHILDREN RELEASED

Kuala Lumpur, Oct. 24.
The Malayan Government announced today that it had decided to release 34 school children from among people arrested in security raids on October 1.

The statement said "The Minister of Defence said it was clear from investigations made that the school children realised they had been subjected to calculated indoctrination by secret society leaders who were organising study cells, and thereby seeking to further the Communist cause."—Reuter.

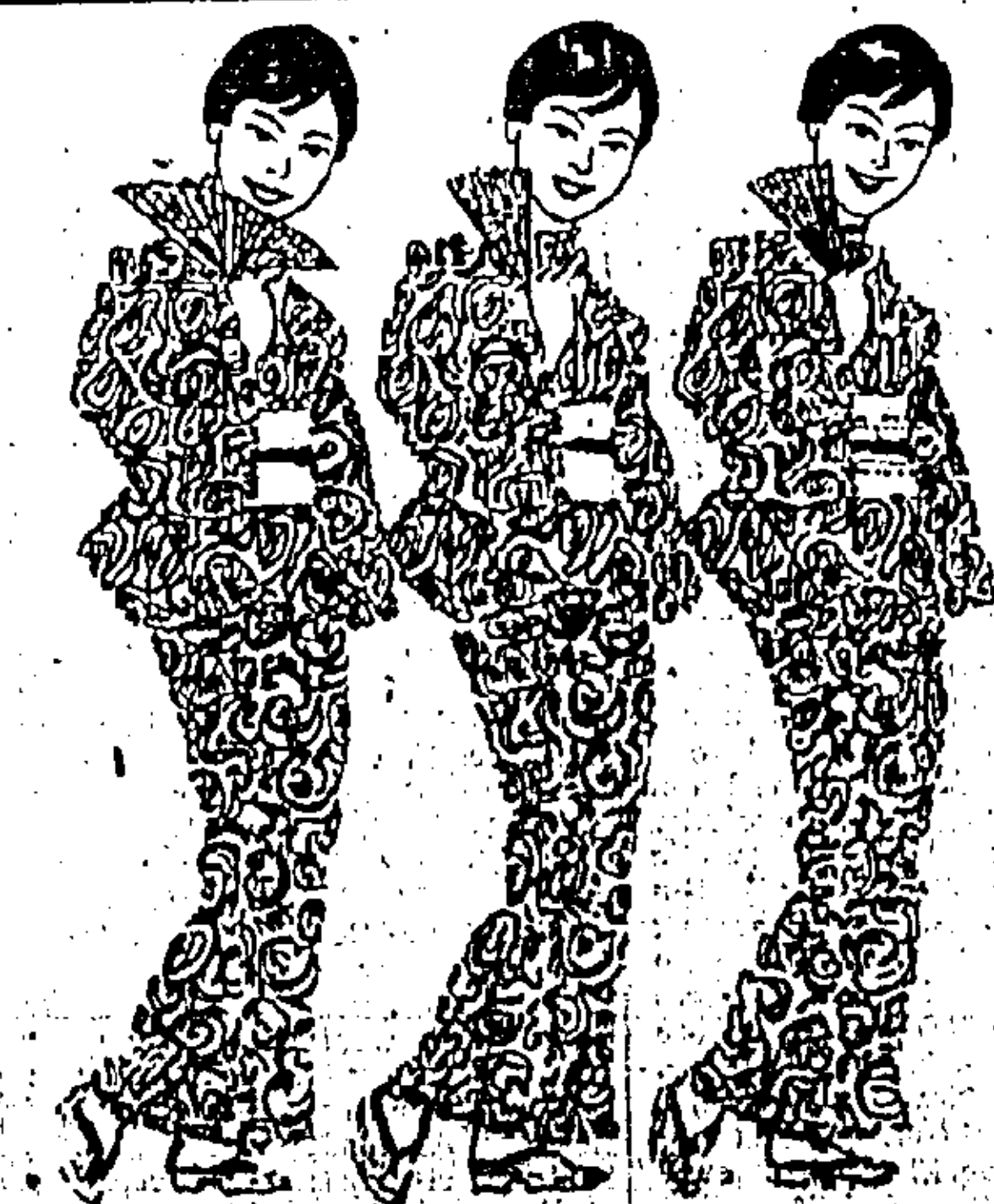
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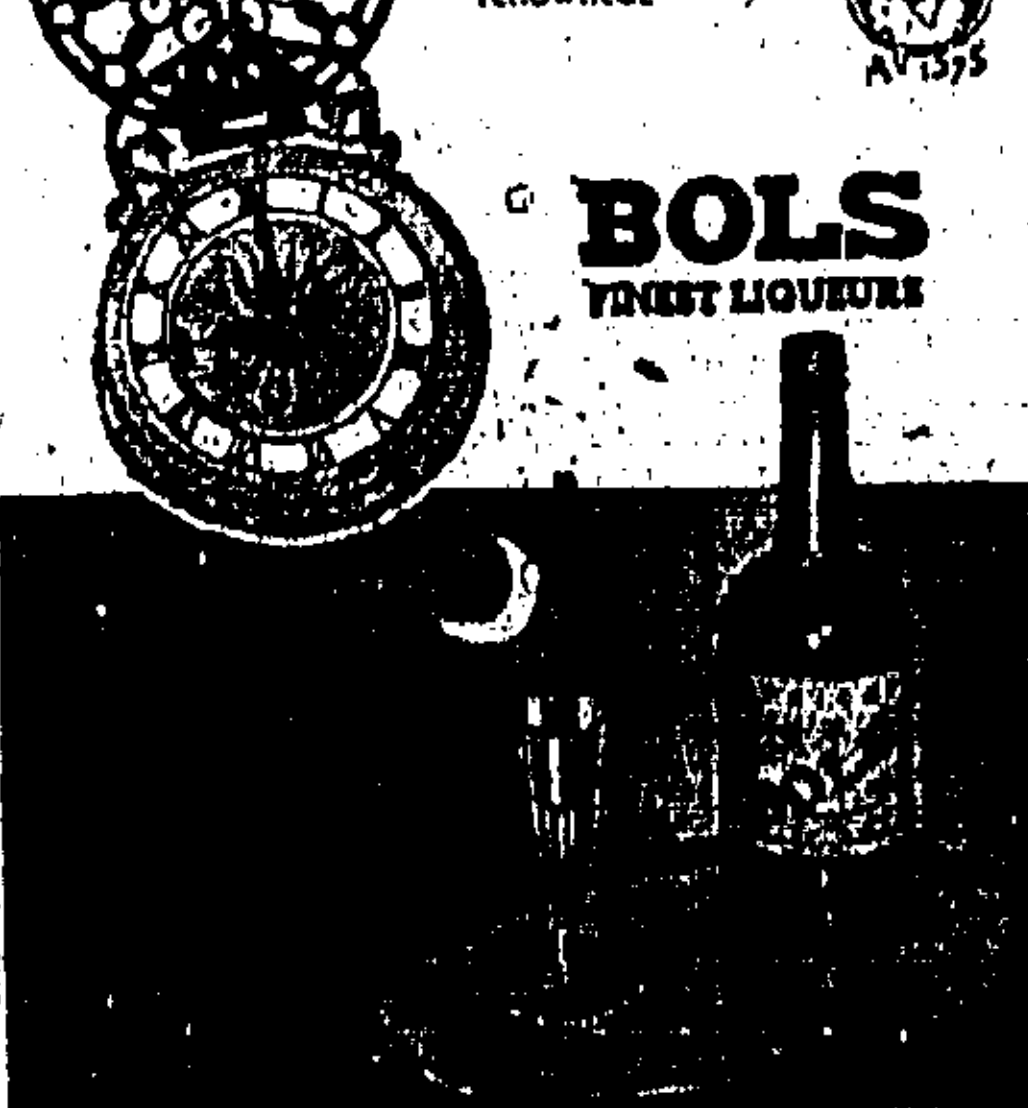


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that holds true today. After a good dinner, at nine o'clock, when the atmosphere is cosy and expansive:

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Whether it be Apricot Bols, Bols Crème de Cacao, Bols Curacao Triple Sec or Cherry Bols... each is of unquestionable standing and has its own distinctive aroma. Bols liqueurs are world renowned.



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2 SHOWS DAILY

5TH BIG WEEK

(3 Shows To-morrow: Special Matinee at 10 a.m.)



CECIL B. DEMILLE'S
PRODUCTION OF
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS

CHARLTON HESTON • YVONNE DE CARLO • PAUL HESTON • BRYNNER • BAXTER • ROBINSON • DE CARLO • PAGET BREWSTER • HARDWICKE • FOCH • SCOTT • ANDERSON • PRICE

ADMISSION: \$2.40, \$3.50, \$4.70, \$5.50 & \$6.00
(No Complimentary Tickets Are Valid)

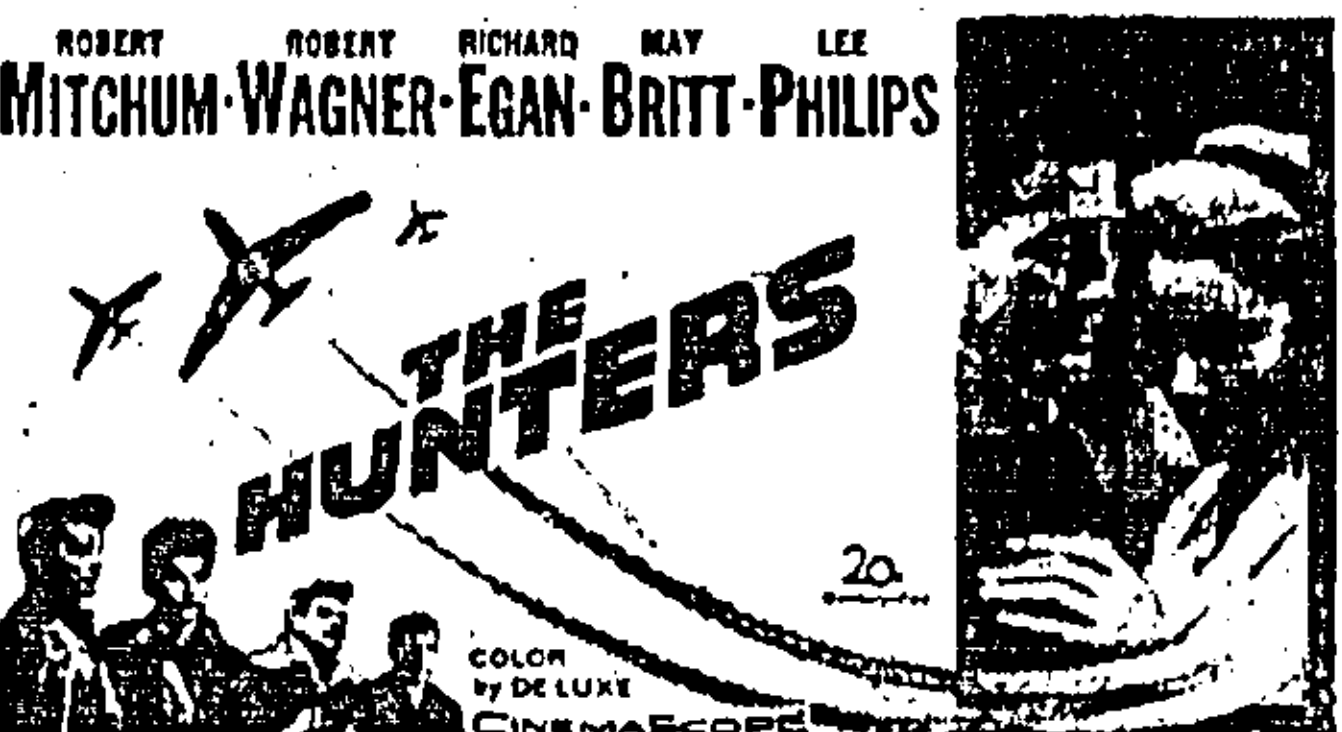
This picture will not be shown again in the Colony within at least one year and will never be released for regular-admission performances.

ROXY & BROADWAY

SHOWING TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

They Live and Love Faster Than The Speed of Sound!



ROXY & BROADWAY: 5 SHOWS TO-MORROW,

EXTRA PERFORMANCE OF "THE HUNTERS"

ROXY: At 12.00 Noon

BROADWAY: At 12.15 p.m.

BROADWAY: To-morrow Special Morning Show

At 11.00 a.m. UNIVERSAL

TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

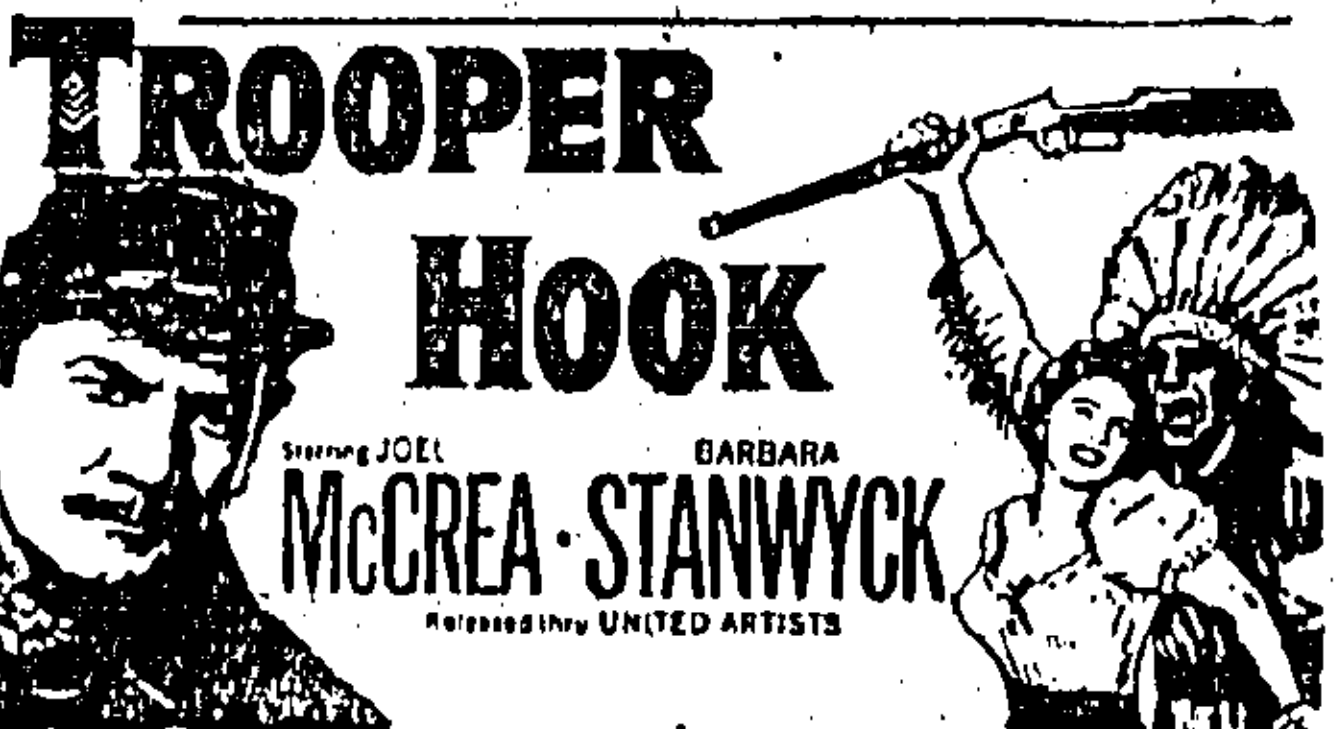
At Reduced Prices

STAR METROPOLE

FINAL SHOWING TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

A Thousand Devils Roared Out Of An Apache Hell!



OPENING TO-MORROW

"THE VAMPIRE"

TOMORROW MORNING SHOW • AT REDUCED PRICES

STAR: at 11.00 a.m. METROPOLE: at 11.00 a.m.

Walt Disney's Feature-length

Technicolor Cartoon

"LADY AND THE TRAMP"

LATEST FOX

TECHNICOLOR

CARTOONS

METROPOLE: To-morrow Special Morning Show

At 12.30 p.m. Burt Lancaster in

"THE CRIMSON PIRATE"

A Warner Bros. Picture In Technicolor

THE TITANIC...

THE GREATEST SEA-DRAMA IN

LIVING MEMORY

FILMED AS IT

REALLY

HAPPENED!

KENNETH MORE

A NIGHT TO REMEMBER

COMING TO THE LEE & ASTOR

FILMS CURRENT & COMING

by ANTHONY FULLER

YOU will probably recall that the sorrowing Anthony, holding up Caesar's garment to the crowd, remarked: "This was the most unkind cut of all." So I felt when the other evening I saw a film I had seen on a former occasion.

Now some people have a right to cut; the censor for instance, and there is just nothing we lesser people can do about it, for he is as the Medea and Persians. But there are many other people who like a go: the projectionist for instance who is longing for a smoke; the exhibitor who jobs off a few hundred feet so that his time table coincides with his screen hours. This is all very well, and nine times out of ten, it passes unnoticed. But when you get a good film where every scene is delicately balanced, you just can't go heckling great lumps out of it.

The skilled editor is someone who performs this task with aesthetic surgery, but locally it is a case of celluloid butchery. Come to that, what is more annoying than to look with the centre pages missing? This time, no names, no peck drill, but if anyone mutilates a good film in the future, then the readers of this paper will be told!

★ ★ ★

The 20th Century Fox local representative was telling me how disappointed his company was to find that "Orders to Kill," with Paul Mantee, whom we used to know as Arthur Mantee, was playing here to indifferent business.

It is upsetting, but Hongkong is the most unpredictable film market. Films that drop dead before they are out of the cinema, go like wild fire here. Whereas academy awards are sometimes too risky to show, at least so say the exhibitors.

For instance, at the Lee, still in the can, is a film called, "The Woman in the Dressing Gown." I'm not saying this because it won at the Berlin Festival, but honestly, from every angle I think it a winner. It is also of a sentiment that appeals to the Chinese. I would have said so at any rate. But the gentlemen concerned say "no," and they know more about it, or should do than I. So, as last year's tin of salmon, it hangs around the shelf.

★ ★ ★

I asked a number of film representatives what kind of films are wanted by the Hong-Kong film-goer, and by film-

goer, I explained. I meant the average film-goer. The answers were most contradictory. I noticed that every representative wanted a film like his best success. For instance:

20TH CENTURY FOX wants more films like, "An Affair to Remember."

UNITED ARTISTS would like another "Trapeze."

MGM's representative thinks that a mixture of colour, sentiment, and bright movement fills the bill.

PARAMOUNT are trying out by recalling "From Here to Eternity," and MGM are going to kindly allow us to have a look at "Quo Vadis," sometime next week. I should imagine that "Quo Vadis," could stand another weekend.

Hongkong is still a lucrative market for the distributors and exhibitors, but there is a dearth of films with the big companies closing down on productions. But I am sure if the latter will plan ahead with foresight, and have a look at the way their older productions were made, they will weather the storm.

★ ★ ★

"The Ten Commandments" is retained for yet another week at the King's and Princess. Business stacks off a bit mid-week, but the weekends, so far, find the "House Full" notices up. Such a response snubs those critics who imagine they are the arbiters rather than the judges of public taste.

So devastating was the attack on this film that DeMille addressed the British Film Critics prior to the opening of the film in Britain. He called for fair play, asked them to get down to serious criticism, admitted the film had weaknesses which he was prepared to discuss himself, but deplored that smart writing which is being copied all over the place, even here in Hong-Kong. By that, he meant the wisecrack which originated with Maguire, Maguire, in which the critic dubbed the film, "Sexodus."

★ ★ ★

"JOURNEYS end in lovers meeting."

NEW FILMS AT A GLANCE

SHOWING

KING'S & PRINCESS: "The Ten Commandments." Cecil B. DeMille's prodigious spectacular masterpiece of the Exodus. Deliberately made as a prestige picture, it enhances DeMille's reputation as the greatest spectacular producer over the whole lifetime of films. Great, superb, majestic, and dignified, it is difficult to imagine being surpassed as the masterpiece of film production. Charlton Heston; Paul Heston; Anne Baxter; Edward G. Robinson; Yvonne De Carlo; Delia Paget; and John Derek.

HOOPER & PARAMOUNT: "A King in New York." Charles Chaplin in the controversial film about an exiled king. Production brilliant, theme controversial, but human as food as ever, but too sparing. Gags, well worn; Chaplin out of temper; the cheerful little tramp much missed by all. Charles Chaplin and Dawn Addams.

STAR & METROPOLE: "Trooper Hook." An anatomy of hate and prejudice, but in the end deeds pay off better than words.

COMING

KING'S & PRINCESS: "Me and the Colonel." Danny Kaye in an altogether different role as a mild-mannered Polish refugee fleeing before the Nazis. Imaginative direction; flawless camera work; funny yet moving; a film that exploits the varied talents of the resourceful Danny Kaye.

HOOPER & PARAMOUNT: A brief review of MGM's spectacular "Quo Vadis." This 1952 version of the first film to shake the entertainment world has Peter Ustinov as Nero. Spectacular, moving, reverent and sympathetic, this film tells of the early days of Christianity. Superbly cast; brilliantly directed. A must for the discerning film-goer.

STAR & METROPOLE: "A Time to Love and a Time to Die." The beautiful and appealing story. Strong feminine angle. New Stars: Kenneth More at 2000ft. Telling action, authentic atmosphere. CinemaScope and Ektavision Colour.

That vicious bit of cleverness was gleefully borrowed by critics all over the world, and what is more, it was behind the iron curtain within a fortnight. I take it you have seen the film. Can you honestly say having had a laugh at the critics' cleverness that the preference "S" was justified? It most emphatically was not! You will find all over the Time Magazine film reviews, similar cracks.

The ageing so and so, the building so and so. What in the name of heaven and high water have such personal remarks delivered with vicious venom, got to do with film criticism?

There are faults in "The Ten Commandments" but they have nothing to do with sex, but at the same time there are moments of exquisite beauty. Having had its run, let us take a look at the film from a point of film criticism.

The first fault must surely be the pace of the film. The first half is detailed and at times, laboured, but the second half moves through so much matter that it is jermy.

It is like taking a journey and travelling by stage coach for the first half and finishing up in a jet airliner. Keeping to faults, I found that it can be said that there is a distinction between magic and miracle. The Nile turning to blood was good and in decent taste, whereas I thought the giving of the Commandments looked more like a TV advertisement for a popular soft drink commercial.

Surely in art, much more is achieved by suggestion than this craving for realism, thus it was that the return of Moses from Sinai, after having gazed upon the face of God for the first time, was much more impressive, much more in keeping with good taste, than that funny wriggling pillar of fire sending off bubbles to burn into the rock.

On the other hand, was not the launching of the eagle onto the Nile one of the most beautiful shots ever? Also the shot of the little sister framed by the pillars?

I am very much afraid that the public acclamation proves the point made over and over again. That the average film critic is right out of touch with both film-makers and film-goers.

★ ★ ★

"JOURNEYS end in lovers meeting."

★ ★ ★

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TO-MORROW AT 11.30 A.M.

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CARTOONS

MONDAY MORNING SHOW

"GREEN FIRE"

ASTOR THEATRE

Morning Show To-morrow

At 11.00 a.m.

TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

At 12.30 p.m.

"KING RICHARD AND CRUSADES"

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SHOWING TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.30 and 9.40 P.M.

Charles Chaplin • Dawn Addams

A King in New York

The King of Comedians in His Newest!

★ ★ ★

SPECIAL SUNDAY MATINEE AT REDUCED ADMISSION

AT PARAMOUNT

Dean Martin — Jerry Lewis in

"THE CADDY"

10.15 a.m.

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ORIENTAL MAJESTIC

AIR-CONDITIONED

SHOWING TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.

An Action Story that reach far and wide as the human heart!

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9.30 P.M.

Exploding

★ ★ ★

SHOWING TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

Four Deadly Men and one woman who

quintessence of the

QUINTESS

Fred MacMurray Dorothy Malone

★ ★ ★

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOWS

At 11.30 a.m.

"STOOGES COMEDIES"

"TALL PAUL"

★ ★ ★

FINAL TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30

& 9.30 P.M.

★ ★ ★

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW

"BATTALION DU CIEL"

★ ★ ★

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW

"CHASE A CROOKED SHADOW"

★ ★ ★

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOWS

At 11.30 a.m.

"STOOGES COMEDIES"

"TALL PAUL"

★ ★ ★

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HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE SATURDAY "MAIL" FOREIGN AND COMMONWEALTH NEWS DESK

WHY MR NEATE'S GARDEN SHOCKED THE PLANNERS

Officialdom Gets A Gentle Kick

London. **MANAGING** director Eric Neate, Winchester city councillor and gardening enthusiast, gently kicked a specimen of taraxacum officinale and said, "I don't suppose I should have done it." But there was a hint of glee in his voice.

He was explaining how he sent boys at Winchester College—and their elders—scrambling for their Latin books. It all began when Mr Neate, head of a big Winchester electrical firm, submitted plans of his new factory building at Andover, to the Hampshire County Planning Committee.

The committee approved the plans, but insisted that Mr Neate tell them just what he was going to plant in the 50ft. by 2ft. garden in front of his factory.

On the plans he had marked simply "SHRUBS."

Mr Neate wrote saying he would make up his mind what to plant when the factory was completed.

Back came a phone call from the committee: "We want to know what shrubs you are going

to plant and exactly where you are going to plant them."

Mr Neate—"I am a Socialist, you know. I should agree with planning"—went to his library and took out a musty book. Carefully he wrote:

- (1) Crataegus oxyacantha (charming shrub with white flowers and red berries);
- (2) Calystegia sepium (climbing perennial—large white flowers);
- (3) Taraxacum officinale (1ft. 6in high perennial with sunny yellow flowers);
- (4) Urtica dioica (leaves of dark green—3ft. high, pale yellow flowers in spreading spikes);
- (5) Ligustrum vulgare (handsome shrub, white flowers heavily scented);
- (6) Rumex obtusifolius (large perennial, 3ft. red flowers and fruit);
- (7) Sambucus nigra (shrub, white flowers in corymbs);
- (8) Cirsium luteolans (perennial, 1ft. 6in. high, pink in elegant racemes).

Approved

Mr Neate then drew a careful plan, put in the numbers of the plants, attached the key, and posted it off to the committee.

The reply, signed "H. W. Bartlett, Area Planning Officer," approved the Neate garden.

Last week Mr Neate publicly revealed his little joke. Consternation reigned among the planners.

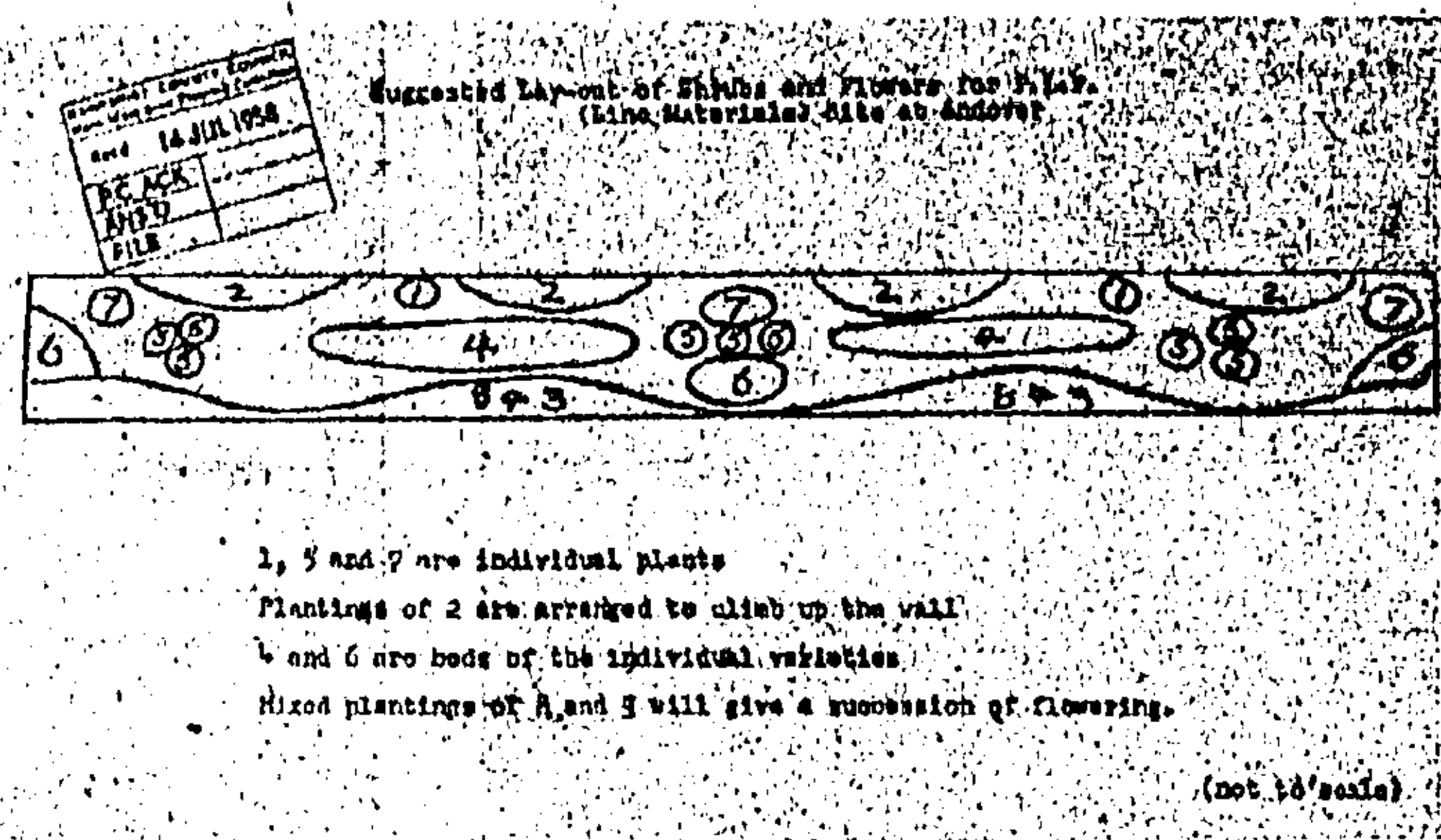
"We don't think it is at all funny," said one official.

"Our staff is very busy. When without question they did not have a book on British flora beside them."

If they had they would have found that these were the English names for Mr Neate's selection of plants:

- | | |
|--------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. Hawthorn | 5. Common privet |
| 2. Bindweed | 6. Butter dock |
| 3. Dandelion | 7. Elder |
| 4. Stinging nettle | 8. Enchanter's nightshade |

POSTSCRIPT from Mr Neate: "When I get the ground cleared I think I'll plant roses."



This is the garden plan the planners passed. Mr Neate attached his list of plants.

'GUARDIAN HALO' FOR THE SLEEPY DRIVER

Rome. A SIMPLE safety device for sleepy motorists invented by two Italian automobile mechanics may be the answer to the growing problem of Italy's road accidents.

Truck drivers who recently tested this device enthusiastically dubbed it a "Guardian Halo."

The "guardian halo" or "volante anti-sounno" (anti-sleep steering wheel) as it is officially called, consists of a metal ring which fits almost flush with the ordinary steering wheel of any automobile.

Switched On

When the "halo" is switched on a driver's hand must stay on the steering wheel at all times to keep the slight pressure of the device flush with the underside of the steering wheel. Otherwise a horn blows in the ear of the driver and the electric impulse connected to it sets off a hand brake.

All motorists know that many accidents are caused by negligence during monotonous drives or sleepy moments when overtired. Miles of smooth highway and the continual purr of a motor will create a trance-like robot on a long drive out of the best of drivers.

But this invention recently patented by the inventors

Albino Gramellini and Vito Piccini wakes a driver out of a trance and the first sign of a sleepiness. The answer is in the muscle relaxation of a driver.

Various Models

After numerous tests on various models of their invention Gramellini and Piccini found that sleep signs of motorists on long drives manifest first in the hands before eyelids closed or a head dropped over the steering wheel.

Even on long monotonous drives they discovered that a motorist's hands or finger muscles relaxed slightly. So they set out to capture that muscle relaxation which could set off a warning signal and re-awaken the motorist on his way to disaster.

When the flat metal ring, which looks like a halo made for a saint's statue, is flush with the underside of the steering wheel it keeps an electric circuit switched off to a horn and a little motor for working the hand brake.

When the ring is allowed to spring back to its fixed position—that is a little more than an eighth of an inch off—the circuit is switched on.

Effective

The invention can be fitted to any vehicle and it normally works from the ordinary battery of the vehicle, though an emergency battery can be fitted to the circuit.

The inventors believe that it is 100 per cent effective for keeping motorists awake and alert at all times.

The only defect in the device is that it may annoy some drivers who normally relax their hand muscles while driving even though they are wide awake.—U.P.I.

They're Trying To Bring Back Snuff

Stockholm. SWEDEN'S state tobacco monopoly is trying to revive the lost art, or habit, or whatever it is, of taking snuff.

Only 20 years ago snuff was the thing here. Now it is not easy to find a Swede who uses it.

The tobacco monopoly's last-ditch effort to hurl back the tide of indifference to snuff begins shortly with a series of snuff tests among Swedish soldiers.

QUESTIONABLE

Some 400 soldiers are scheduled to use a new and improved snuff and answer a questionnaire on what they like or dislike about it. The soldiers have been chosen as representative of a cross-section of the Swedish population.

"We need an investigation of the remaining snuff market and are therefore trying it out with servicemen. We will then know how to proceed in our promotion of snuff," a tobacco monopoly spokesman said.

"Snuffing is a disappearing habit in Sweden. That is why we are conducting this special investigation."—U.P.I.

AUDIENCE IS SEASICK

EVERY night a young French singer is making a theatre full of people feel seasick. It is an extraordinary sensation.

I experienced it myself listening to Paris's newest musical star Marcel Amont singing a song about a honey-moon couple taking their first trip to sea in a yacht. The lights are green as the solitary figure on the stage sways backwards and forwards almost to an angle of 45 degrees.

THE CHOW THAT ASKED TO BE EATEN

By MICHAEL BROWN, London.

WHEN a chow is naughty in China—where chows come from—they fatten him up and eat him for dinner. In America, the more mention of his name indicates a mealtime.

So Barney, a very particular grey chow (most are either red, black, yellow, blue, or white) is glad that he is British.

Last week he was very naughty. According to a large number of airline pilots and officials at Gatwick Airport—quite apart from passengers—he deserved to be eaten.

For half an hour he brought the newest airport in the world to a standstill.

THE CHASE

Barney took flight as he left the cage fastened on him for his flight from Alderney. He made off, pursued by...

A police van;
An official on a bicycle;
A receptionist in high heels, and

A yellow van containing his owner, Mrs A. V. Gane.

Barney dashed across the apron, round the hangars, under a line of Dakota aircraft, and back again. In front of taxiing airliners... and back again.

The receptionist June Rowell, tried to whistle. If she had read her encyclopaedia on chows she would have known that would not work.

THE CAPTURE

"The chow is stand-offish and has no use at all for strangers," says one. "The chow is a great individualist," says another.

Until the chase ended no aircraft in the vicinity could take off. When the police captured him he made no fuss, and moaned off at his mistress's heel.

To those at Gatwick who wish Barney harm, Hutchinson's Dog Encyclopaedia has this to say: "The chow is a highly strung dog and must never be beaten (nor, presumably, eaten). He is so sensitive to rebuke that a word is sufficient."

\$3 And \$6

Suits For All Egyptians

Cairo. A GOVERNMENT committee has reported it may be possible to standardise the dress of Egyptian men by mass production of \$3 and \$6 suits. But it skirted the issue of women's dress.

The committee, set up to tailor a compromise dress for the Egyptian man, who wears everything from European long pants to Gallabias gowns, recommended that dress standardisation not be enforced by law.

SURVIVAL

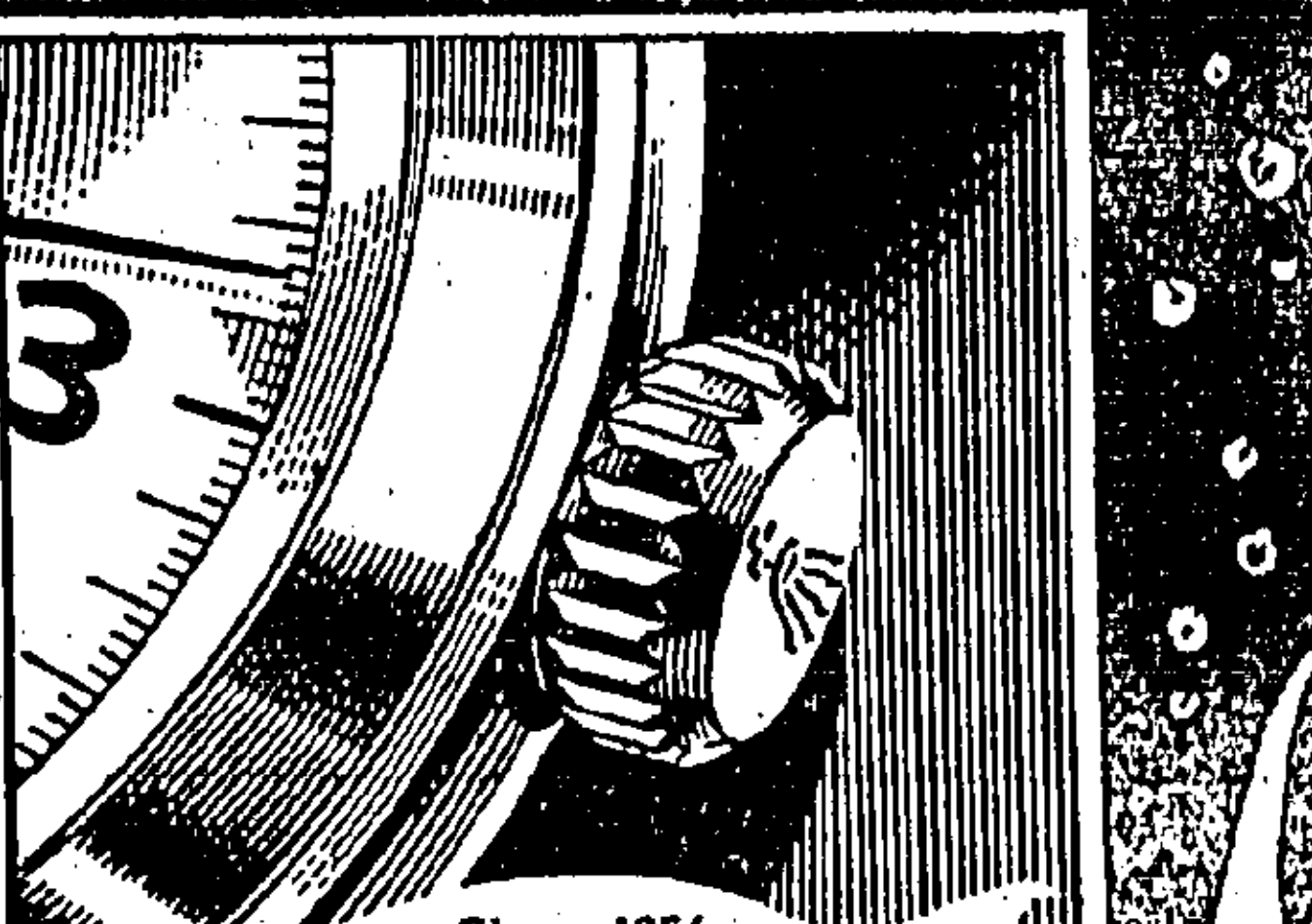
The law of the survival of the most fitting, it felt, would make its recommended suit standard dress if its price was low enough to compete with the Gallabia, the national dress of the Fellahs.

The committee chose local textiles for belt-light, economy winter suits of trousers and jackets at the equivalent of \$8 each. Summer suits of trousers and shirts would sell for the equivalent of \$3.

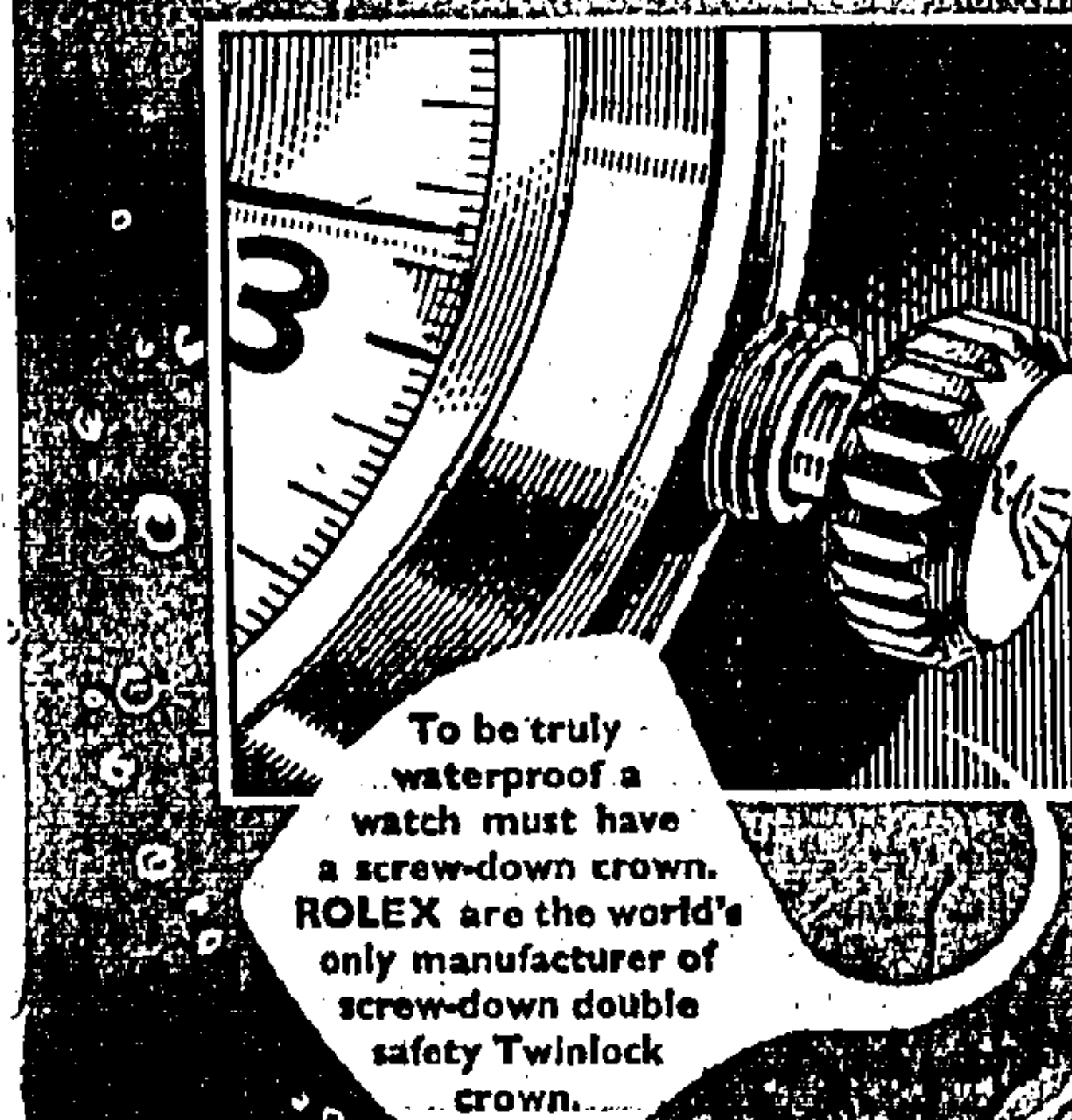
The committee recommended that the Government take every necessary measure to make the suits available throughout the country.—U.P.I.

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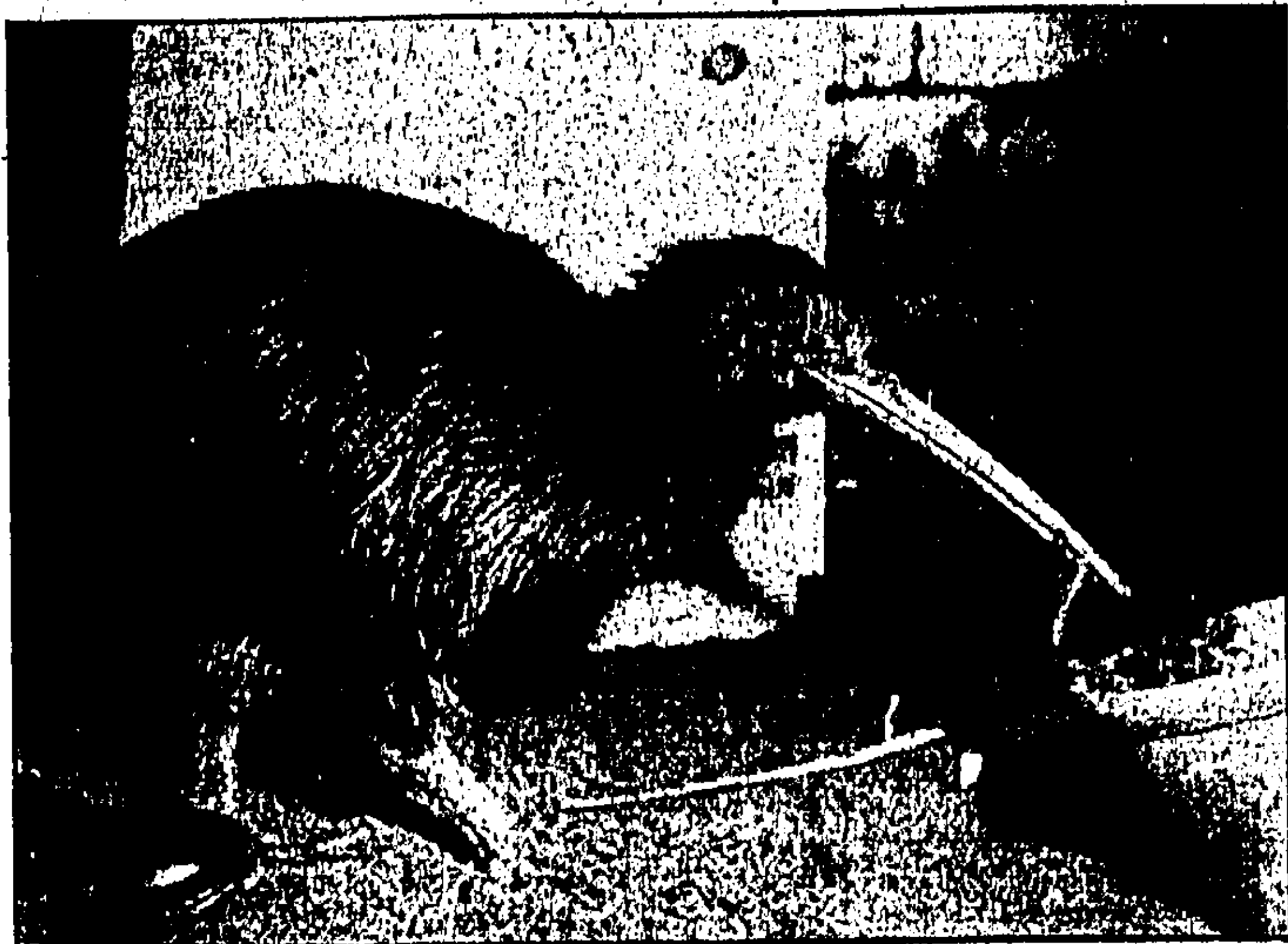
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HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



ABOVE: Presented to the London Zoo by the New Zealand Department of Interior Affairs is this Mantell Kiwi, soon in his new home recently. And his daily diet? Oh, that's 200 earthworms! Care to go digging?

★ ★ ★
RIGHT: The latest symbol of American beauty, say the experts, is Hollywood's Kim Novak. American girls are modelling their looks on Kim—and if their hair isn't blonde, then they dye it. And if their figures aren't slim, they diet.



★ ★ ★
RIGHT BELOW: Good-bye Mr Rank! British film star Belinda Lee was given the sack recently by the Rank Organisation. The departure of the former Pinewood girl was not unexpected. She was repeatedly warned about long absences and bad publicity. But as soon as she finished her role in "Nor the Moon by Night" she fled to the Riviera with Prince Orsini.



★ ★ ★
BELOW: A British Hawker Hunter Mark VI jet fighter flew non-stop recently from Dunsfold, England, to Tobruk—about 1,830 miles—in 3 hrs. 25 min., beating the long-distance record for fighter aircraft previously held by France by 387 miles. Pilot was 34-year-old Hugh Merewether, South African, who is Hawker assistant chief test pilot.



BELOW: Margot Smith, 23, lives with her family on a 60-acre farm near Lytham, England. For 10 hours on most days she helps with the milking, feeding, ploughing and cleaning. Then she drives 20 miles to Southport to model the newest fashions. Says a Southport fur store owner: "She brings an outdoor freshness to fur modelling that furs like wild mink seem to appreciate. Picture shows Margot on the farm with an armful of pig."

ABOVE: A woman who was one of the leaders of the 1956 Hungarian Revolution—Julia Rajk, now said to be imprisoned in Rumania—will be impersonated in a play, "Shadow of Heroes," which opens in London soon. In the role of Julia Rajk will be Dame Peggy Ashcroft, pictured here in a scene from the play with boy actor John Pike. The play is a reconstruction of the Hungarian uprising, was written by American author Robert Ardrey.



ABOVE: A small repertory theatre on Britain's south coast had its most distinguished audience ever recently when Sir Winston and Lady Churchill decided to see Terence Rattigan's play "Variation on a Theme" in which his actress daughter, Sarah, plays a major role. Picture shows Sarah squeezing Sir Winston's hand.

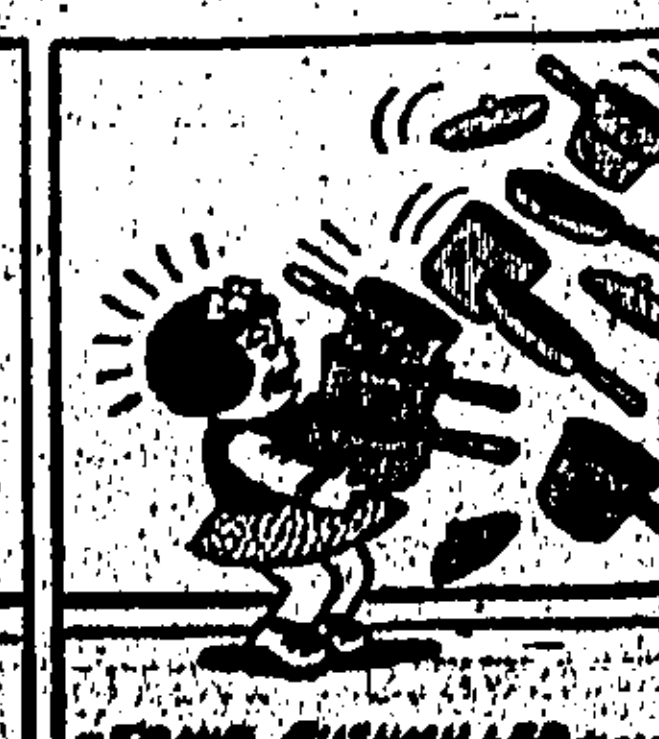
★ ★ ★
LEFT: "Sultan" the Whipsnade Zoo tiger gets impatient for his dinner and roars his displeasure at being kept waiting.



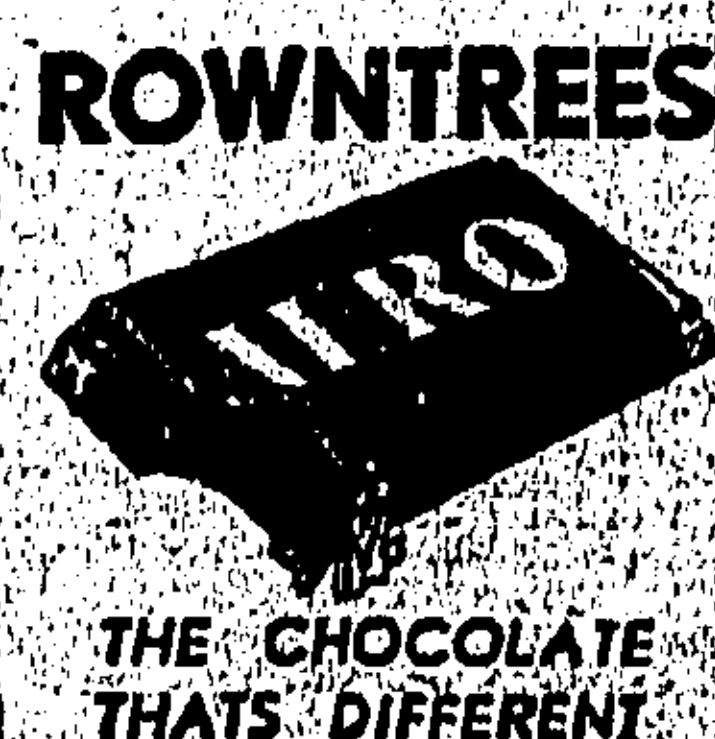
★ ★ ★
BELOW: Queen Elizabeth went recently to the Scottish town of Carlisle. This was in place of a visit planned for earlier this year, but cancelled because of illness. The Queen is pictured here receiving a bouquet from young Pauline Farish.



NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller



LONDON LETTER

SOME two years ago I was invited by a friend to dine at his house and meet half a dozen American Senators who were visiting London. As it happened the conversation turned to Little Rock and the difficulties and obstinacy of Governor Faubus.

With the broad-mindedness which characterises people who have no basic colour problem we gave our American guests a rather bad time. Finally one of them, speaking in a rich Southern drawl, declared that if he saw his daughter walking out with a nigger he would shoot him.

"Would it not be more just," asked one of the Britishers, "if you shot your daughter?"

I am afraid that the dinner was not a success. Instead of increasing Anglo-American union we had strained the English speaking entente to breaking point. Yet even above the noise of controversy I could not forget that sardonic but pregnant saying from the past: "Racial equality is a policy always advocated by people who have no colour problem."

Yet it has been obvious to us in Britain that our immigration laws were creating a situation where that would eventually spell trouble and worse.

Under existing laws any Colonial subject of Britain can arrive in the United Kingdom and enjoy the benefits of the Welfare State from the moment of landing.

It is not merely a cheap play on words to state that the Afro-Saxon invasion spread like a dark river in flood. One has only to walk from the splendour of Parliament Square across Westminster Bridge and within a few minutes you seem to have reached the deep South.

Smiling darkies with their women and laughing children give almost a sense of carnival to the eye. If the women's costumes were more striking than elegant at least they were not drab. But month after month the black tide flowed until in some sections the white people gave the impression that they, and not the darkies, were the strangers.

As the dark stream grew stronger with the incoming tide the employment agencies were filled with Afro-Saxons seeking work. Nor was there any reason to doubt that they genuinely wanted employment and were prepared to work hard. But many employers refused even to interview the coloured people sent to them.

I want to avoid even a suggestion of bias or exaggeration, and therefore, let it be put on record that many thousands of black people have found work and have proved both competent and well disciplined. Yet their very existence has lowered the rental value of houses in the community where they have centred. As a result the small landlord sees his life's savings, which he has invested in property, dropping sadly.

Thus there is a situation which is the fault of no one but which bears heavily upon the white landlord. The black stream overflows its banks and the whites have no redress.

As a community we have strict laws against overcrowding, cinemas, theatres and even omnibuses. But apparently if you own a boarding house you can overcrowd it to your heart's

content. No doubt if complaints were launched by the occupants the owner would tell them to get out, or the local authorities would take action but in Harlem-on-Thames any dwelling place is better than none.

Now let us leave the Afro-Saxon to his own problems and, in many cases, to his genuine content. He has found work, his wife looks after the children and does the housework—and though they have little they are content. But unhappily the contented adolescent thug, usually a Teddy boy, has seen in this problem a splendid opportunity for violence and bullying.

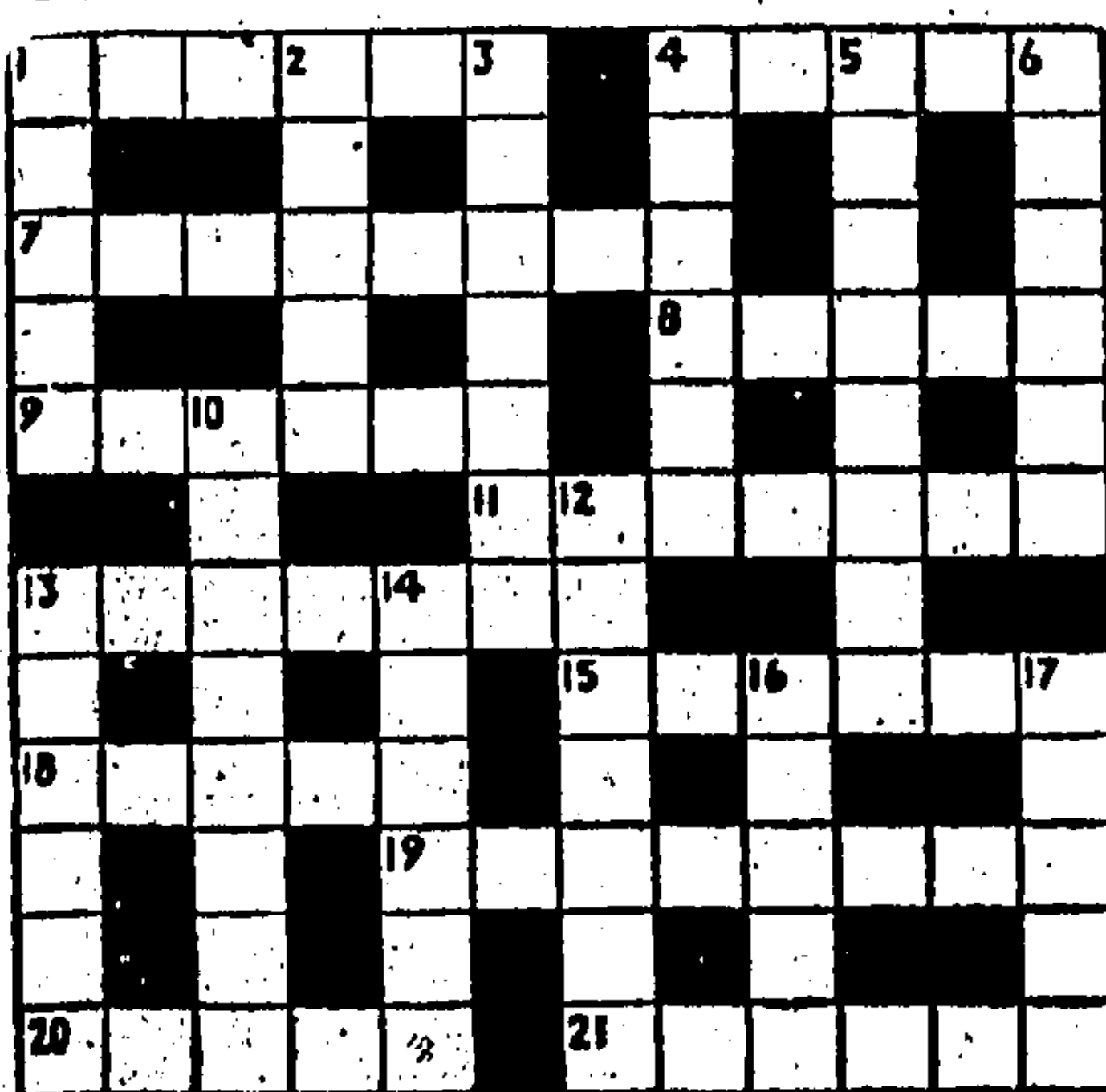
The worst trouble began in Nottingham, a provincial industrial city where a large number of black people were competing for employment with the whites at a time when many workers were being laid off. After the fighting had broken out the Tory M. P. for Nottingham journeyed to London to put the case before the Home Secretary, Mr. A. B. Butler. Admittedly the police acted quickly and courageously, nor did they show any racial discrimination in carrying out their unpleasant task. It does seem on the available evidence that in this case the black men were badly out of hand with the result that some of the more belligerent whites were threatening reprisals as though they were a modern version of the Klu-Klux-Klan.

As usual there is no logic in these affairs. The coloured people complain that they are crowded off the sidewalk by the whites and sometimes beaten up, and the whites answer that the blacks are polluting the cities wherever they concentrate. Thus the riots brought shame to us all and, needless to say, the young Teddy boys made the most of it.

There is so much basic tolerance in the British character that I am certain that public opinion will assert itself. On every hand I have heard nothing but the strongest denunciation of the riots and bullies who started the riots not only in Nottingham but in London.

In their instinct for happiness these dark children of the sun have much to give to our civilisation. Basically they are courteous, and their good manners which I have seen many times in Jamaica and Nassau have made some of the rich white tourists seem crude and vulgar by contrast. In every possible way we should try to enlarge the opportunities of these dark children of God.

A British Crossword Puzzle



- ACROSS**
- It's a crime (6).
 - Lizard (5).
 - Shell splinter (8).
 - Invites custom (5).
 - Cloth animal (6).
 - Become better - spirited (5, 8).
 - Muffin, maybe (7).
 - Fast bowler in the 'bolls (6).
 - Produce a "21", perhaps (5).
 - Gathered into folds (8).
 - If they're taken, trouble may ensue (11).
 - Unlaid brood? (6).
- DOWN**
- Sambo's boss (5).
 - Miss Wynyard? (5).
 - Search thoroughly (7).
 - Abundance (6).
 - Went at great speed (8).
 - Confesses freely (4, 2).
 - A metal in fruit is still metal (8).
 - Like a screw thread (7).
 - Black and tan plaid? (6).
 - Dabs (6).
 - Rep. (a little gentleman) (6).
 - Equestrian's appendix? (6).

FRIDAY'S CROSSWORD: Across: 1 Aris, 4 Erotic, 8 Bore, 9 Boss, 10 Saving, 11 Eves, 12 E-W-N, 14 Lollard, 17 Edith, 19 Agree, 22 Meeting, 25 Bond, 27 Vole, 29 Blarney, 30 Aris, 30 Setz, 31 Talents, 32 Ecru, Down: 3 Rotted, 3 A.B. sent, 4 Easel, 5 Reason, 6 Anvil, 7 Inner, 12 Seem, 18 Vise, 18 Act, 19 Deed, 19 In-vert, 20 Grease, 21 Easel, 23 Extra, 24 Tunes, 25 Gores.

From
**SIR BEVERLEY
BAXTER, MP**

Imprisonment and could swag-ger again among their friends. "But for those facts," said the Judge, "I would have imposed much longer sentences than I am about to do." Then came the words that struck the grisly young prisoners like a blow between the eyes:

"As it is," said the Judge, "I am determined that you and anyone anywhere who may be tempted to follow your evil example shall clearly understand that crimes such as these will not be tolerated in this country but will inevitably meet in these courts with the stern punishment which they so justly deserve."

Then came the fateful, terrible words: "The verdict of the Court is that you shall go to prison for FOUR YEARS."

I have a feeling that there will be no more race riots in Britain for a long long time.

PARADE

A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT
PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

MID-AIR RESCUE: For 22-year-old nurse Marie-Madeleine Degat, it was her 100th parachute jump. For 27-year-old parachute instructor Edmond Beaumont, it was his 600th. For both of them, it was nearly their last.

Edmond and ten trainee parachutists had jumped from a plane at 4,500 ft. Edmond delayed opening his chute until he was less than 1,000 ft. above the ground so that he could observe the technique of the trainees who had opened theirs at 1,800 ft.

Edmond saw them floating gently to earth. All except Marie-Madeleine who was hurtling down towards him, her chute and emergency chute twisted hopelessly around her.

Emptying the air from one side of his own parachute, Edmond manoeuvred himself into Marie-Madeleine's line of fall. She fell into his silk, and as she slithered down the slide he grabbed her and hung on until she scrambled up his leg and grasped his shoulders.

Eye-witness said they landed with a "terrible bang." Marie-Madeleine, who wants to be an Army parachute nurse, broke her leg. Edmond was unhurt, but severely shaken.

RAGS TO RICHES: Missing, broke and dejected, 41-year-old inventor Elmer Moukel was being sought all along America's west coast this week so that he could be told he was rich and probably about to become famous.

Moukel was so depressed at what he considered his failure that he left his wife and three young children in Hollywood and took up the life of a hobo—jumping trains and working as a dishwasher.

What he didn't know was that his latest invention—a "motion detector"—has been taken up by a big engineering company. They claim it can prevent air collisions.

Officials said the government was willing to put five million dollars into developing the de-

vice, and three per cent—150,000 dollars—would go to Moukel. The gadget is highly secret, but the official said: "It will see anything approaching a plane from any quarter and automatically divert the plane to avoid a collision."

THE LONG VOYAGE: A bottle thrown into Dundie Bay on Canada's East coast by Ted Parker has turned up after three years.

Ted, now 17, had a letter telling him so from 16-year-old Carolyn York. She found the bottle in Brisbane, Australia.

FIRST THINGS LAST: Statistical note: There are more television sets than bathtubs in the United States.

POLICE RAPPEL: A Malarie (Quebec) coroner's jury at the inquest on a prisoner blamed the police for negligence.

Had they searched Edna Clason when they arrested him after his wife complained he had not been home for two days, said the jury, the police would have found the stick of dynamite before their prisoner could have used it to blow off his head.

NEVER SAY DIE: Sixty-year-old Hor Lung-chi decided to teach his 21-year-old ex-Japanese lesson for rejecting him for a younger suitor.

He turned up at the wedding, tore down the decorations, pelled the bride with rotten eggs, then, in a last grand gesture, tried to throw himself under the bridal car.

TEA-TOTALS: Immigrant John Krayolk, 52, convicted of bootlegging at Cooksville, Ontario, said: "I don't keep the liquor for drinking. I use three large bottles a day for spicing my tea and making my feet. I don't get drunk—I just feel good all day."

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BEGINNING TODAY'S MOST ASTONISHING SUCCESS STORY...



THIS MAN MACMILLAN

Crofter's cottage to Downing St.

• Twenty months ago Mr Harold Macmillan was an elegant stranger to the people of Britain; and despite his immense success as a Premier, he is still something of a mystery. Today the China Mail begins an investigation into that mystery. The picture which emerges is that of an astonishing man...from an astonishing family.

IT was just after noon when the telephone rang. It was a gentle instrument with a well-modulated purr, but it shocked the silence of the cosy flat at the top of No. 11, Downing Street.

The man who had waited so long for the call took his pipe out of his mouth and with careful calm picked up the receiver.

He listened. He heard the command to wait on the Queen at Buckingham Palace at 2.30 that afternoon, and with a voice as tranquil as he could control it, he answered.

There was no sign in his face or in his step as he walked to his dressing-room that he had been honoured beyond the dreams of millions of men. With elegance he dressed in the formal trappings in which a man goes to meet a monarch. When the tall coat fitted to his liking he sought out his wife. "Please can we have lunch at one o'clock?" he said.

"Why?"

He gave a small smile. "I have to go to the Palace."

That is how Lady Dorothy Macmillan first learned that Maurice Harold Macmillan was to be Prime Minister.

Outside in the bitter streets of January the crowds had still to learn. In patient throngs they huddled on the bleak concrete deserts outside the Palace.

A cheer

There was not much speculation. They were waiting for the new Head of their Government, but they were quite certain who he would be...Richard Austen Butler.

Practically every political commentator had said so. Newspaper headlines, shouted his name.

And in all the fine clubs, the curling blue incense of cigar smoke wreathed expansive politicians as they uttered Butler's name in stifled envy.

He too was in Downing Street that morning. Where Harold Macmillan had decided that it would be indiscreet to go to his office, R. A. Butler had tolled through his work. He

by
ROBERT GLENTON

too had paced beside a telephone.

For him it did not ring.

Instead, at lunchtime he left Downing Street. Ponderously non-committal, he paused and stared at the waiting crowds.

They looked at his earnest, honest shopkeeper face and gave a cheer as he went home to a lonely meal in his Westminster home. They were sure he would return in triumph.

The hundreds outside the Palace were the first to learn the truth. They watched an unsmiling Harold Macmillan drive in and they watched an unsmiling new Prime Minister drive out past the saluting policemen.

Britain went to bed in a whirl that night.

What had happened?

They knew that the Queen had seen her advisers. There was Lord Salisbury, heir to the Cecils, the men who for hundreds of years had stood at the Monarch's side, men who had whispered, cautioned, plotted. Men who had sent the dangerously ambitious and the treacherous to the stake and to the rack.

He had had his say. Before that visit to the Palace he had been the leading figure in a dramatic and secret



Macmillan—the young family man.

scene... In an event without precedent in British history. He had sat in the Cabinet room with the Lord Chancellor, Lord Kilmer, by his side and had polled the Cabinet for its choice of Prime Minister.

Each Minister entered the room separately, beginning with the most junior.

Salisbury asked of each: "Whom would you advise as Prime Minister?"

Kilmer noted the answers.

The poll over, Salisbury sounded other leading Conservatives. Then he had driven to the Palace and reported the result to the Queen.

Then Sir Winston Churchill had had an audience. It was inconceivable that his advice should be ignored. So he must have seen great virtues in Harold Macmillan.

But what manner of man was Britain's new leader? The country thought of his elegance, his bedraggled moustache, and saw him as a stranger.

And when they read the next morning that he had celebrated his accession to Number Ten by wandering off to the Turf Club and dining on caviar, steak and champagne, they were even more baffled.

They had not seen the other side of the picture. They were not present when, 48 hours before, softly and sadly Harold Macmillan had tried vainly to comfort a weeping Anthony Eden, who, grey with sickness,

had had to surrender the premiership.

Even now, 20 months afterwards, no one has seen that deeper aspect of Macmillan.

In that time the deeds of Harold Macmillan have won him approval. His popularity has never been higher than it is today. But as an individual he is still as cloudy and as intangible as a ghost. No biographer has dissected him. Few legends flourish around him.

Yet his story is a romance of our age. Fags to riches, legions to White House... it is all of these.

A Glory

Across the waters of the Clyde the Isle of Arran rose as a fairland, fearful of discovery. A blurred purple and blue haze, to be snatched away by the first dark clouds.

It was sweet with the fragrance of heather and gorse and roses. But there was no sweetness in the heart of Malcolm Macmillan. He was a poor man, a stern man, and now he was an angry man.

If Arran was a glory in the daylight it was a place of fear each night when darkness came. Incomprehensible as it may have been to the rest of Britain where railways were being built and machines had taken charge, in many tiny cottages in Arran ritual charms were hung to ward off the witches who were supposed to gather outside in the blackness of the night.

There were exceptions. Malcolm Macmillan was one of these. He possessed the blood of the Covenanters. He was an elder of the Church. He fought the night with his Bible and his prayers and his family, on their knees.

His God was real. So was the Devil.

And now on this day, his son Duncan had stood boldly before him and said he wished to marry Katherine Crawford.

Katherine's father, William, had once stood shoulder to shoulder with Malcolm Macmillan. Stormily and together they had fought witchcraft up and down the island. Then Crawford had become more tolerant, and in Macmillan's eyes, had weakened in his allegiance to the Kirk. They had quarrelled, and, like two brothers, the deepness of their affection was now the measure of the hostility between them.

It was night time when young Macmillan spoke softly in Gaelic to his father. All that day he must have silently mumbled the question, phrased it, and rephrased it. Week after week he had put off the ordeal, promising Katherine that he would speak to his father when his mood was gentle. It had been a fine day, and warm, and even the thin soil of Arran looked fruitful.

Macmillan, stiff and weary, rose from his knees after prayer that night. Duncan asked for his blessing on the marriage. The only light in the room came from the flickering fire. It played over the men's brown faces as Duncan waited for his (Continued on Page 7, Col. 1)

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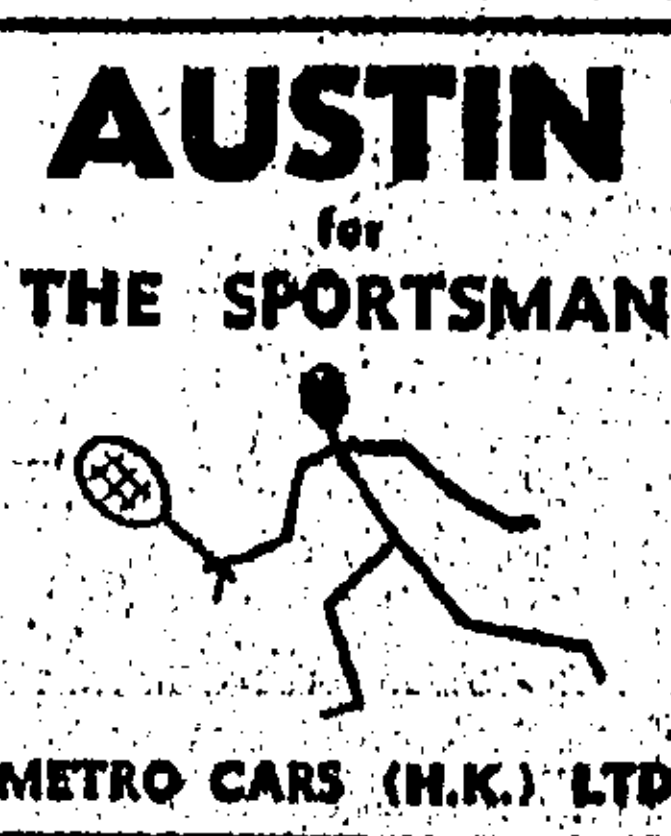
MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



JOHNNY HAZARD

By Frank Robbins



... THE MOST CANDID REPORT YET ON BRITAIN'S PREMIER



(Continued from Page 6)

father's answer—or the rage, for the Macmillan temper has always been violent and uncontrollable. But it did not come. Macmillan put down his Bible, stared at his son and said "Never. You will never marry Katherine Crawford."

It was the command of a patriarch to a member of his tribe.

There must have been little sleep for the rest of the Macmillan family that night as they lay under the ragged worn rugs that were their bedclothes and nervously speculated on the explosion that was bound to come.

The two men knelt side by side to pray each morning and evening. Together they scratched a living from the heather, but they never spoke.

All the time Duncan was meeting Katherine. The whole island knew, the place was far too small for secret lovers' meetings. The Macmillan family knew.

Defeated

It was inconceivable that father Macmillan, that stern, stiff-backed man, did not know. But he sold nothing.

Instead all the time he wrestled with himself. As he drove the plough, he milked the thin cows with their staring ribs, he fought for their ribs.

And a long fight it was. No covinching Scotsman like Macmillan could compromise with his faith, and yet in his eyes the Crawfords were hardly lukewarm in their worship of God. How could one of them be embraced in his family's arms?

At the same time his heart was warm. The island children would run to climb on his empty cart as he drove down to the beach to collect seaweed for the land.

They weren't timid with him. Yet anger burned in his own son's face.

Macmillan milked and thought. Then one evening when the family had sung their last hymn to their three God, Macmillan looked on his son and said: "You shall wed her."

The whole island came to the wedding and Macmillan even looked gently upon the dancing. Everyone brought a present. Poor gifts but wealth to the young couple, shawls that smelt of heather, rugs that still seemed vaguely animal, and wooden bowls.

The couple moved to a tiny crumbling farm at Upper Corrie on the island. The soil was poor, and for most of the time they were hungry, but Duncan toiled all day and in fervent Gaelic read his Bible at night. And there came children. Many of them. Twelve altogether.

Accused

Duncan worked and prayed, and each evening his sweet wife Katherine would croon the soft Scottish songs to his children.

But the weary soil of their humble farm defeated them.

Then came an epidemic and within a year of the birth of their tenth child, Daniel, he who was to be a future Prime Minister's grandfather, three of their young family were dead.

Duncan finally admitted the truth to himself and decided that if they were to survive they must leave.

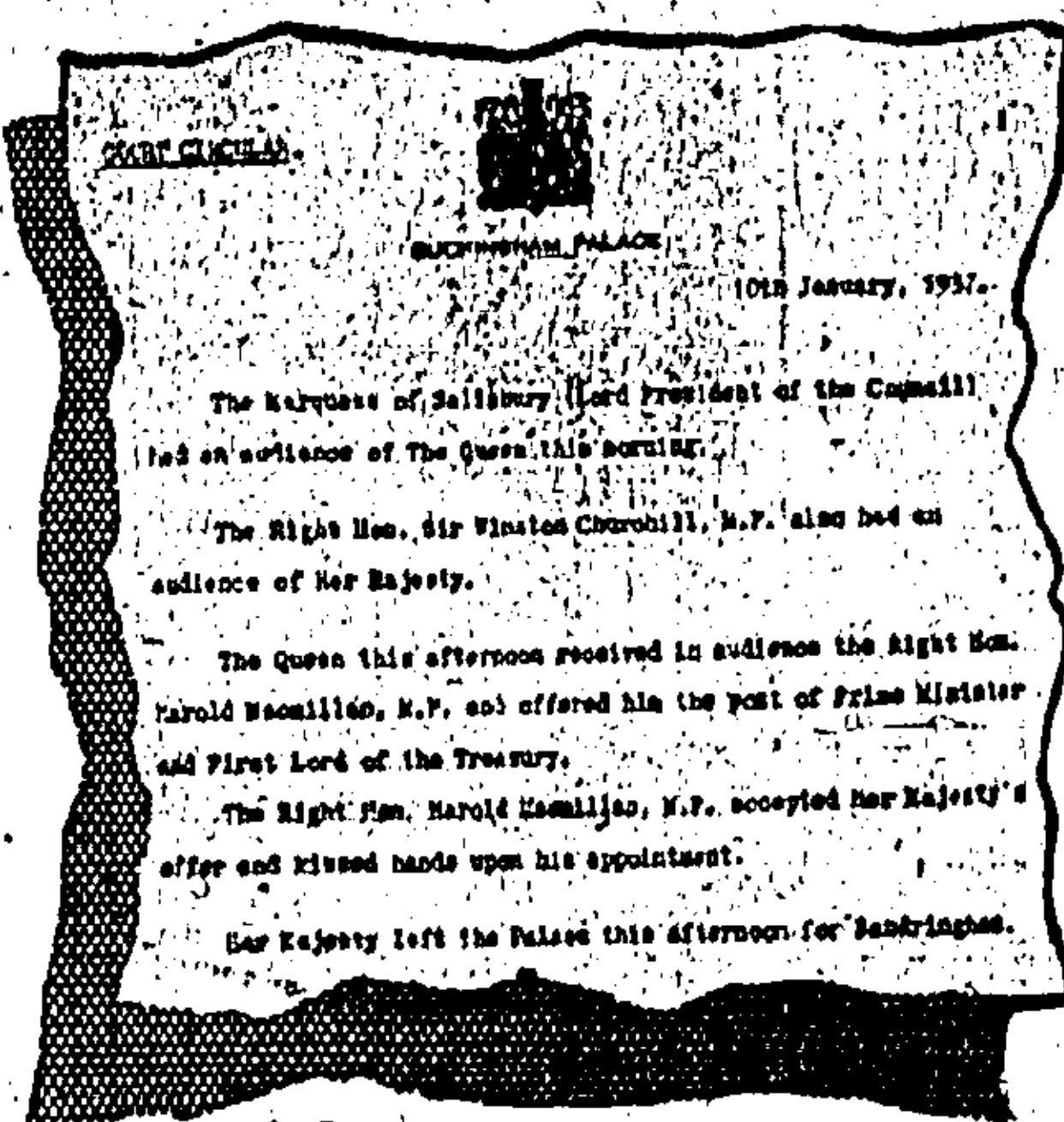
The ramshackle carts creaked their slow way from the door of thecroft and as their neighbours walked farewell, the broken Macmillans with their few shabby possessions set off to seek an easier fight for existence across the mainland.

At Irvine in Ayrshire Duncan Macmillan found himself another small farm and on the first day of January 1824, Daniel Macmillan, aged ten, was bound as apprentice for seven years to a local bookseller. His wages were to be 1s. 6d. a week with a shilling rise every year.

Little bookshop is still there and so is the memory of little Daniel, the faithful and industrious apprentice. The tiny back room where, night after night, he stumbled laboriously through every book in the shop is still as it was.

Dutiful Daniel certainly was. He had also the flaring temper of the Macmillans.

The day of triumph: Mr. Macmillan with his wife after accepting the Premiership. Right: In formal terms, the Court Circular records a day of great drama.



1915... Subaltern in the Guards.



CROFT ON ARRAN... a Macmillan home of three generations ago.

The family's first shop is bought on a loan

One day his master unjustly accused him of a mistake. Daniel erupted. He snatched his cap from the peg, ran to the counter and picked up a ledger, threw it at his master and fled out into the main street.

He was a frail boy. Half starved all his young life, already in his body was the germ that was to kill him.

But after he quarrelled with his master he was too proud to go home. He walked the laborious hillside until he reached the sea coast where he was not known. Hungry and desperately tired, he stumbled round the fishing boats seeking a lift back to Arran.

It was there in a mainland harbour that his family found him. But he would not return until his master, an honest man, apologized.

The seven years ended. Daniel was a young man with pinched pale face, a gangling body and bony wrists. He also had a desperate ambition.

Like so many Scotsmen of his age he was burning to get to London and make his fortune. He boarded a ship at Leith and set sail.

He was seafarer nearly all the way.

Foreigner!

GREEN-FACED and wide-eyed at the city hubbub, 17-year-old Daniel found his way to his lodgings.

He knocked at the door and promptly received a sharp blow to his self-esteem. The two women couldn't understand a word he was saying, so thick was his accent. They looked at his pathetic luggage and decided he was a foreigner. They tried to drive him away.

Indignantly, Daniel paced the pavement outside until he found a Scotsman to interpret for him.

Daniel tramped from book-seller to publisher until he found the employer who he thought would best further his own interests.

There was no one in London who would do. Instead he went to a Cambridge bookshop at £30 a year for a 12-hour day. From there he returned to London at £60 a year. He kept his budget balanced by cutting heavily whenever he went to tea with friends. He also became very perplexed over his religion.

His father's faith suited him no more so he became a Baptist, but he left the Chapel in anger after complaining bitterly that he was not going to stand in the aisles until the wealthy had taken the best pews.

No learning

All the time he was reading, and learning, but oddly enough it was his pre-occupation with theology that was to build his family fortune.

He wrote long letters to the leading religious authors. They were often flattering to the point of being fulsome. They also oozed self-abuse.

Once he wrote: "It may be as well to let you know that I am only one of the clerk species, whose vulgar and unfortunate position with regard to spiritual culture was the cause of my first writing to you. I have no learning, can read no language except English, speak none except a partly intelligible Scotch-English dialect..."

In return these authors, famous and often wealthy clergymen, were kind to him.

They showed Daniel a side of life that was a dream to him. They took him into their country homes. He savoured luxury and good living. If his ambition had ever needed wetting the contrast between these splendid houses and the squalidcroft in which he was born, was the home stone.

He was a very sick man when his third child was born.

And he died on a June day when he was only 44. No one could have called him vaguely prosperous, let alone rich, but he was clear-sighted.

He knew that the authors he had so carefully wooed and encouraged were finding fame. Each year would see the firm a little wealthier. The crofter's cottage had gone for ever.

His brother Alexander became head of the firm and took over Daniel's children as though they were his own.

The firm was snowballing to success. Its prestige was attracting other authors, famous men, and in turn the talk was now of the thousands of pounds, not tens and hundreds.

There was no hardship in life for Daniel's children. They did not have to educate themselves by candlelight.

One of his sons, Maurice, father of the present Prime Minister, went up to Cambridge.

He was now in his thirties and despite his frequent sickness—consumption was killing him—he was growing more handsome as his life became more comfortable.

He had a long, straight nose, full lips and a high brow, and his sober clothes were showing traces of elegance. He had already become engaged to one girl, but her family turned him down. They thought he was too ill.

When he was 37 he proposed to Frances Orridge, daughter of a local chemist. That year they were married, but soon Macmillan had to borrow £30 from his father-in-law to meet his debts.

He had paid off the arch-deacon but had to have one sleeping partner after another. They were men with money but invariably without any knowledge of the book trade.

Daniel, in great excitement, spoke to one of them about a wonderful foreign author he had discovered. He wanted to translate his works.

But all the man with the money-bags would suggest was that Macmillan should write and offer £10 translation fee on the condition that the writer first become famous in this country.

The Macmillan fury, so carefully held in check, flooded over. He was clawing at a fortune; fools were holding him back.

Daniel could see no solution. The firm of Macmillan was expanding, but the bottom of the pit was painfully visible.

Then by sheer accident came the stroke of luck that was to make the Macmillan fortunes. Two of Daniel's theologian writers turned out best sellers.

One was Charles Kingsley, who almost offhandedly wrote "Westward Ho!" The other was Thomas Hughes, who scribbled "Tom Brown's School-days" as a sentimental exercise.

Weakened

For the first time the firm's books looked healthy. The last partner was paid off and Daniel Macmillan celebrated the occasion by smoking his first cigar. At least, he started to, but the thought of the twopenny it had cost him made him throw it away before it was half burned.

As the firm began gently to flourish so did Daniel weaken.

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peated dictum that it was ceaseless labour and a facility for counting pennies that had brought the Macmillans from rags and poverty.

In those days, at the turn of the century, education depended on far more than the chance of an 11-plus intelligence test.

It involved day-in-day-out studying, in term time and on holidays. And of the three brothers it was Harold who thrived.

He won a scholarship to Eton. Out of all the 18 Prime Ministers that have come from that school, Macmillan and William Pitt are the only two who have shown such brightness so early in life.

Since the scholarship meant that his parents would not have to pay the full fees—although they could have afforded to—Nellie Macmillan was very proud of her youngest son.

It also facilitated his admission to Balliol, that graceful college, a tranquil backwater of erudition and gentle good manners in a world growing more brash each day.

Harold Macmillan arrived there with a great deal of his grandfather in him. His potentiality, his ambition, and sometimes a brittle temper were only just below the surface. Balliol changed all that.

With good features and figure to help him, Harold became distinguished for his elegance in a place where elegance was all.

He developed a most impressive drawl, a rather exasperating fastidiousness and an affectation of pausing in his conversation to find exactly the right Greek and Latin quotation to underline his point of view.

Then came 1914 and the war. Harold Macmillan, the elegant undergraduate, became a dandy of the Grenadier Guards.

He had cheated his way into the Brigade. All his life he has suffered from acute shortsightedness in his left eye and had worn spectacles.

This would not have done for the Guards.

So hours before his medical examination Harold Macmillan sneaked into the eye-testing room. There was the chart on the wall with the large letters shrinking line by line until they were a jumble of pin points.

He passed the test magnificently.

He also bought himself a tortoise-shell-rimmed monocle. This, at the time, was put down to another evidence of dandyism. Of course it was nothing of the sort and as soon as he had mastered the trick of keeping it out of his soup, he bought a much less ostentatious rimless affair.

His war was not one of red tabs, staff cars and pleasant

messes. It was one of mud, of agony, and of lice. Leave was rare, but Harold Macmillan had little time for hysterical gaiety and endless champagne.

He concentrated on preserving his world of careful culture. Even back in the misery of France he had the same ambition.

Many stories are told about this period in the trenches... many magnified by the years. But one story I know is true. It is this.

The war was at its bloodiest and most desperate. Harold Macmillan was leading his company against the Germans in an attack that failed.

With his men dead around him he was severely wounded. Carefully he rolled into the ditch and the mud at the bottom of a shell crater.

Half conscious he lay there and realised he could not be rescued until darkness fell. He groped in a pocket and found a copy of Aeschylus.

He was reading it when the Germans counter-attacked. Out of the corner of his eye he saw the men in field-grey uniforms, their bayonets savagely poised, running past his shell hole. He pretended to be dead. When the Germans

When a man becomes famous all who cross his path are inclined to sprinkle glitter on the occasion in the hope that a little of the reflection will gild their own lives.

So it has become with Harold Macmillan.

It is true

The spirit of his grandfather who struggled so hard from the hearth of a Scottish croft to build a bright new world for himself, flooded Harold Macmillan, with just the difference that he was trying to save an old world.

It was only a month after he joined the Army that he first went into action with the Fourth Battalion. With them he earned an immense reputation.

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attack had been repulsed he started to read again. Twelve hours later, in the darkness, his sergeant—major found him. In Guards' fashion the N.C.O. suffered to attention, saluted, and said: "Permission to carry you away, sir."

By the time they got Macmillan back to the lines he was very ill indeed.

Altogether in that war, he was wounded three times.

On the third occasion he lay one night awake with pain on a bed in Earl Bathurst's house in Belgrave Square. This noble home had been converted into a hospital for officers.

Macmillan, seeking company, turned his head in the darkness to the Canadian officer who was in the next bed.

It was two o'clock in the morning when Macmillan asked: "Have you any ideas on parliamentary reform?"

He continued: "The only block who ever had a workable policy for parliamentary reform was, Guy Fawkes."

It was an old joke even then, but startled the Canadian who later became Sir Beverley Baxter, M.P.

"I thought I was delicious," he says. "I certainly did not know I was being addressed by the future Prime Minister."

NEXT WEEK HIS BRIDE—A DUKE'S DAUGHTER



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BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION

LORD LAMBTON, MP, recalls Bagdad

I QUESTION IRAQ'S UNHAPPY RULER

'We Act Like Churchill . . .'

Bagdad. THE last time I was in Bagdad I saw both Nuri Pasha and King Feisal. Now both are dead, mutilated, reviled, and in their place rules Premier Brigadier Kassem.

I interviewed him in the Ministry of Defence. He is certainly taking no chances.

The courtyard was full of tents and soldiers; the building bristled with armed men; on his ADC's desk was a Sten-gun.

Good-looking

I was shown into his working room, where the Brigadier spends the greater part of his time. It was simply furnished with a sofa bed in the centre, and no pictures on the walls.

Kassem is an extraordinarily good-looking man. He was pale and hollow-eyed but perfectly calm. He had the appearance of a slightly fanatical but gentle poet.

Without doubt, the last two weeks have been critical to him, and only after a great struggle did he overcome his chief opponent and former deputy, Colonel Aref, an admirer of Nasser's nationalistic demagoguery, who now will take up the position of Ambassador to Western Germany.

In danger

I asked Kassem: It is said that during the last few weeks your moderate policy was in danger of being overthrown by extremists led by Aref?

Answer: That which you have heard is probably an exaggeration.

Question: But as Aref has lost his position as deputy premier does not that suggest dissent?

Answer: I would not say that for he is going abroad to serve his country in the foreign service.

Question: But do you not agree that rulers frequently send abroad people they want out of the way? For example, Hitler sent Von Papen, and to a lesser extent Churchill and Sir Samuel Hoare?

Answer: The latter is how we like to do things, not like Hitler but like you.

Kassem's conversation was skilful. However, I asked where his policy might lead, he replied: "To good relations with all countries."

I brought the subject round to Nasser.

Question: Have you read Nasser's book?

Answer (after a pause and with a faint smile): No.

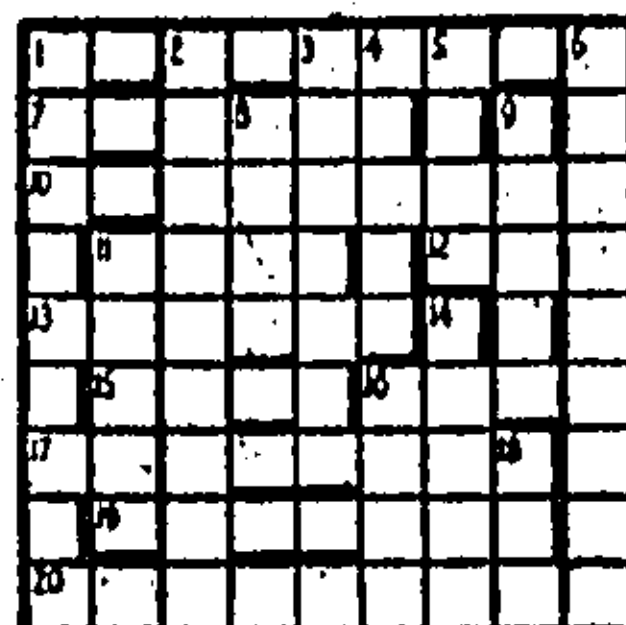
Question: But you will know that in it he envisages the Arab states as having a definite ruler?

Answer: The Arab states must be like brothers to each other.

Question: You would accept no overriding authority then?

Answer: We must be equal to each other on brotherly terms.

CROSSWORD



- Across
1. Ancient city. (9)
 2. Embroidered. (5)
 3. Annoyed. (5)
 4. Break. (4)
 5. Quiche. (7)
 6. Improved. (6)
 7. Terminus. (6)
 8. Merry writing. (4)
 9. Best seat for watching boxers. (7)
 10. Tiger. (7)
 11. Ecclesiastical. (9)
- Down
1. Convict. (5)
 2. Mythical country. (8)
 3. Quiche. (7)
 4. Robin of song. (5)
 5. A fish. (6)
 6. A low. (4)
 7. A low. (4)
 8. A low. (4)
 9. A low. (4)
 10. A low. (4)
 11. A low. (4)

Ira will accept nothing but equality.

I have little doubt that Kassem is at heart a reasonable man, and for that reason is in an extraordinarily difficult position.

He has come into power on the flood of a revolution, promising plenty and a higher standard of living, yet the effects of the revolution have adversely affected the state of the country that it is doubtful if he will be able to provide either.

Reasonable

I put this point to him. He replied: "The people will not mind; they are so pleased to have their own government."

Yet he cannot be happy. The basis of his strength is too varied, for he has to depend on the Kurds with their love of independence, the army with its young officers, the Communists—the most unreliable allies—and his own popularity.

And he has to work with the West, for upon oil revenue depends his income.

Kassem was quite definite that Iraq would ask for more generous concessions, but what I thought was a dangerous trend was his idea of some sort of ownership, perhaps to be based on the grounds that Iraq has not been granted any share of the Iraq Petroleum Company capital.

Curious

I got a distinct impression that he was being pushed on this idea and that a decisive encouragement had been the recent share bonus issue by British Petroleum.

That a private company would have made such an issue since the revolution would be surprising, but that it should have been made by a company, the majority of whose directors are appointed by the British Government, passes all comprehension.

Be a friend

And then, of course, there is Nasser, and the curiosity that, although Aref is said to be his man, he got little support from him—perhaps because he may at the moment prefer Kassem weak to Aref wild and independent.

But one thing is certain: The revolution has thrown up a remarkable man in Kassem, and

remarkable he will need to be if he is to keep his reasonable nose in the next few, ominous months.

When I got up to go he stood up, shook my hand and said: "Lord Lambton, I am sorry that you disliked the revolution when it was new. I hope that you will be the friend of Iraq now all that we want is to be friends with everybody."

I was touched, but not being the least impressionable could not help reflecting that the latter was what every country wanted and what every country never got.

—(London Express Service).

SECRET SOCIETIES

Imitators Of The Leopard

A FAMILY of European settlers sipped their "sundowners" and chatted idly on the porch of their bungalow at Taoudeni, a small town in the Northern Province of French West Africa.

It was a September evening in 1941 and as usual there was a spectacular sunset. But it was the last the family ever saw.

Suddenly out of the nearby bush leapt a gang of war-painted Africans.

Within an hour they had disappeared back into the forest. But what they left behind caused patrolling policemen, who reached the scene a short time later, to think at first that they were looking at the remains of a meal of marauding animals.

Closer examination proved them wrong. Only the heart and part of the lungs of each victim had been removed.

Leopard Men, practitioners of Ju-ju, the blackest of black magic, had been about their ghastly work.

They believed that by eating the heart and lungs of their victims they became immune from detection and punishment.

Years of intensive police action against this secret society of fanatical killers

brought many of them to justice. But occasionally, as in this case, new crimes are committed.

Since they were first discovered at the turn of this century more than a thousand Africans have been sentenced for Leopard Men activities.

★ ★ ★

Records show that Leopard Men have been responsible for the death of 1,150 victims across a belt of Africa from Kabala, Sierra Leone, in the west, to Singida, Tanganyika, in the east.

Little is known about the origin of this secret society. No white man has ever witnessed its secret initiation ceremonies.

In 1912 a special court sat for five months at Lagos, Nigeria, to try 300 natives on "Leopard Men" charges.

By

REX LAWRENCE

Hundreds of witnesses appeared before the court. Their evidence ran into thousands of pages.

But the secrets of the cult were not revealed, and only a few of those charged were found guilty and executed.

No one has ever been able to discover the object of the society. Its main concern seems to be to obtain human fat to make "Bofima"—a medicine believed to give superhuman qualities to those who take it.

Cannibalism by Leopard Men is even more of a mystery. It has never been satisfactorily

proved that these savages kill to satisfy a desire for human flesh.

The few known facts have come from self-confessed worshippers of the Leopard.

★ ★ ★

The societies are usually controlled by "witch doctors" who use them for intimidation, extortion, blackmail, and murder.

In 1891, tribal chiefs in Bechuanaland, concerned at the practice of cannibalism in their areas, called a meeting at

Bogo Gobo, a small town on the border of Bechuanaland and South Africa.

The Paramount Chief of the Imperri tribe presided.

It was decided to call in the "Tongo Men", a society dedicated to the destruction of Leopard Men, which had originated in Sierra Leone.

But the cure proved worse than the disease. For the Tongo Men practised a brutal form of justice.

They burned alive anyone suspected of being connected with Leopard Men.

The first person the Tongo Men hung on the fire was the Paramount Chief of the Imperri himself. Many of the natives who saw this anticipated their own fate and jumped into the flames. Eighty people are believed to have perished this way.

Then the authorities stepped in and outlawed the Tongo Men.

The followers of the Leopard cult claim kinship to the animal whose habits they have adopted. They believe leopards will not harm them. Leopards, they claim, often visit their huts at night.

Disguised in leopard's skins and wearing black gloves whose "fingers" are claw-shaped knives, members of the cult hide in the thick bush to await their victims.

★ ★ ★

They always attack from the back, first stunning their victims with a heavy stick. Then while they are preparing the ritual killing, terrified villagers have heard them roar like wild animals.

Police have said that captured killers of the cult have been convinced they turned into leopards at that moment in the savage rite.

Using the claw-like gloves, the Leopard Men snarl their victims to death to give the impression they have been attacked by wild animals.

The final act in this inhuman ritual is the removal and eating of parts of the victim's body.

Hundreds of members of the Leopard Men society have been tried and hanged. Many have been imprisoned; others have been exiled.

To demonstrate to other Africans that these men are not superhuman, village chiefs have been invited to witness their execution.

They have then been asked to tell their people that the murderous cult can be suppressed by ordinary human beings.

But superstition has a strong hold over the people of many parts of Africa—and this has been, and still is, the Leopard Men's strongest weapon.

FERD'NAND



By Mik



WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

DEMACHY LOOKS IN ON AN EVENING IN PARIS



● What are women in Paris wearing this autumn for a night out? Demachy sends a drawing from the newest night club—Le Club de l'Étoile. On the left is Pierre Cardin's short, strapless evening dress in pink mouseline, and next, in complete contrast, Chanel's tailored ensemble in white brocade with facings and blouse of pale blue moiré. On the right a second dress in moiré—Dior's full-skirted black with a huge "Empire" bow. Finally there's yet another wig hat. This one, by Svend, is of shaded feathers tied with a satin bow.

Has Big Brother "X" Got YOU Taped?

THIS is to announce that there are only two kinds of women in present-day Western civilisation. If you are female you are either OBSESSIVE or HYSTERICAL—it's as simple as that.

Who says so? One of the Big Brains in the advertising world. "I'll call him X. (That way we can make fairly certain his women friends don't strangle him).

So ambitious

Here is X talking:—"Sixty per cent of the women of this country are Obsessive. Let us examine the type. She is cold, calculating, and dispassionate, a neat woman with a clean-hole brain. "She is desperately ambitious and inordinately house proud. She lives and schemes for tomorrow. Therefore she finds no joy in today. "She is utterly incapable of any spontaneous, leap-scated delight.

"She has mortgaged the present for the fabulous future when the lines round her eyes respond to treatment, her dimples nip her in the right places and her husband, having worked his way to the top, finds time to tell her he loves her."

"And the other 40 per cent?" I asked. "The Hysterical," said my snug chum—"untidy, impulsive, warm-hearted and emotional. "Panicky, too. Should they have this? ... dare they not have that? ... why don't their best friends tell them they have not the other?"

"They are scared to death of losing their looks, their husbands, their minds—or all three."

The facts

He stood back and waited for the explosion. But I am not that easily hooked. "Fascinating," I told him. "but how do you know?" "Statistics," said X. "I have spent thousands on research. I have consulted psychiatrists

... polled a cross-section of the country... checked and rechecked with every available authority. I now present you with the FACTS. "All that remains is for you to make up your mind about your own grouping."

I gave him the answer I knew would infuriate him. I opened my eyes very wide and asked "WHY?" "Enough to conduct my own investigation—quizzing a fair cross-section of men to find if there is any truth in X's preposterous suggestions. Almost every man agreed that there are just two kinds of women. Only the classifications differed—and HOW!

I've prepared a quiz just in case you want to know which you are.

Here's how it goes—

By Veronica Papworth

ARE you convinced that you husband needs—

- (a) Encouragement and understanding?
- (b) Teaching and prompting?
- (c) A tonic and a good rest?

HAVE you on your dressing-table—

- (a) A slumber net and a jar of "all night" cream?
- (b) A box of tranquillisers and some pep pills?
- (c) A bottle containing a five-minute pick-me-up face mask?

IF your husband came home and announced that you were all emigrating would you—

- (a) Burst into tears?
- (b) Tell him you would gladly share the adventure?
- (c) Tell him not to be such a fool?

DO you—

- (a) Plan your wardrobe at the beginning of the season?
- (b) Buy on impulse?
- (c) Never have a thing to wear?

DO your bedroom drawers—

- (a) Stand close inspection right now?
- (b) Need tidying up a bit but you'll do it tomorrow?
- (c) Look as ever, in hopeless confusion?

ARE you—

- (a) Always ready for a party?
- (b) Furious if you don't get 24 hours notice?
- (c) Worried you will do, say or wear the wrong thing and everybody will look at you?

DO you believe that—

- (a) People love to meet you?
- (b) They bear with you only for your husband's sake?
- (c) You are pretty poor company until you have had a drink?

ARE your children—

- (a) Clever but held back because the school doesn't understand them?
- (b) Little devils?
- (c) Average—with a touch of brilliance on occasion—ally?

What's Your Rating?

For "OBSESSIVE" read b, a, c, a, a, b, a, a, b, a, c. For "HYSTERICAL" read c, c, a, c, c, c, c, b, a, c. You don't fit into either group? Of course, you don't. But you didn't expect to, did you. Naturally, you're different. Me, too.

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Brings back the beauty that time steals from your skin

Once you've turned thirty, the years begin to take their toll; nature's supply of vitalising estrogens starts to wane and the precious inner moisture of the skin diminishes. How can you turn back the clock... with Helena Rubinstein's richly nourishing ESTROGENIC OIL, formulated after intensive scientific research. ESTROGENIC OIL will restore to your skin the fresh firmness of youth.

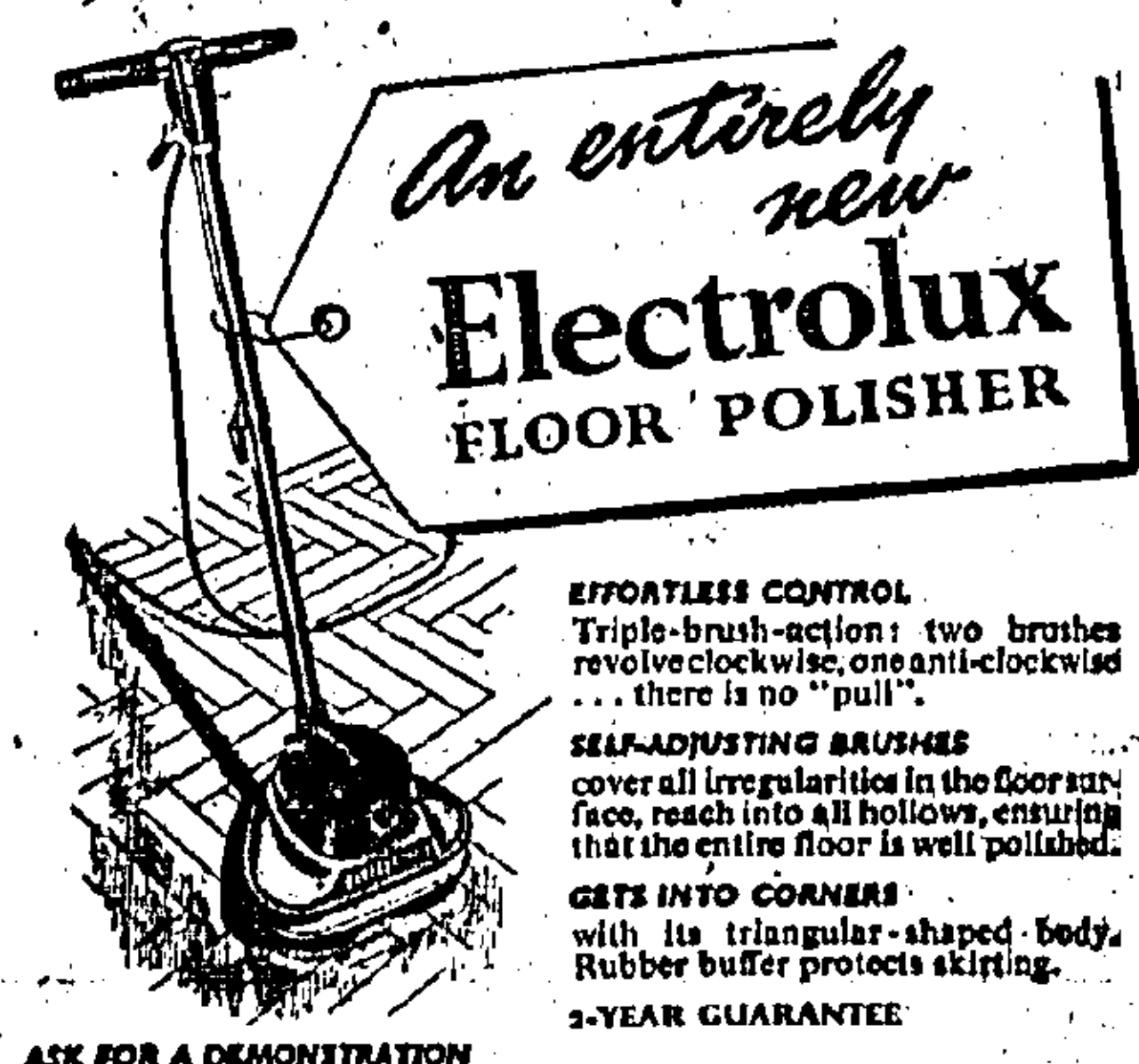
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This woman's job

SHE HAS NEVER HAD TO WORK BEFORE—BUT WHAT SHE DOES NOW IS A BIG FACTOR IN WHAT YOU WILL BUY THIS WINTER

Feminoscope

THIS column is concerned with more than the things you buy in the shops. It seeks out the PEOPLE behind what you will be seeing when you go shopping.

First person to come into this new inquiry is an unexpected—and striking—new influence behind the winter shoe fashions.

Pictured here is Senora Mendoza, a beautiful, distinguished woman who, until four weeks ago, had never done a stroke of work

in her life. She was the Cuban Ambassador's wife, only accustomed to directing servants.

Now Ofelia Mendoza is working in a shoe shop, renowned for its high fashion at low cost. And she, who is used to the best of everything, is being highly paid to act as its fashion consultant.

Who, better, then, to advise you on your winter shoe wardrobe?

She has picked out for Feminoscope the shoes listed (many of them her own or made to her own design) with the most news value.



PICTURE BY ALAN BODY

● Senora Mendoza wears "My pet for the season, the lovely O-line. A blessing for the ones with big feet. It does make them look smaller."

● On the screen behind her is her choice for you (and no longer an Italian monopoly): a white mule appliqued with roses; the prettiest possible bedroom slipper; a sensible shoe for the occasional moor; a cotton print boot with a medieval look from Sweden; a delicate, plain pump in glaze kid; a satin strap shoe with a lowish heel and jewelled buckle (you can have a slightly larger jewel for your matching bag if you wish).

● You can have tweed and leather combined (there is a matching handbag), a closed-front, bare-backed, after-six pump; a platinum kid, after-eight pump; a French fleece-lined bootie; a two-colour, two-texture shoe; and, for sheer fantasy, black grosgrain with tight white satin rosettes.

Could it be Roundworms?

Microscopic roundworm eggs are everywhere. In vegetables, fruit, water. Even in the best ordered families there is always the danger of infection. And children are most liable to attack. They don't realise the dangers in uncooked foods and contaminated water.

Happily, there's a simple, proved remedy

'ANTEPAR'

TRADE MARK



One dose of 'ANTEPAR' gets rid of roundworms in a day. Pleasant-tasting 'ANTEPAR' should be taken at bedtime. Then roundworms are expelled the next day—easily and naturally! 'ANTEPAR' is always quick, sure, safe. It causes no pain or sickness. Not even with small children. Make 'ANTEPAR' a routine family habit. Give everyone one dose every three months. And be sure your family are always free from roundworms!

'ANTEPAR' the one-dose, one-day roundworm remedy. *Not all medicines.*

JOHN D. HUTCHISON & CO. LTD. (PHARMACEUTICAL DEPT.) UNION BUILDING HONG KONG. Sole Agents in HONG KONG: SERRAVALLO WILLCOCK & CO. (The Wellcome Foundation Ltd.) LONDON.



ABOVE: A scene from *The Belle's Stratagem*, a Chinese historical comedy presented by the Chinese Drama Group of the Sino-British Club at Queen's College. The four-act play is presented in conjunction with the fourth Festival of the Arts.



LEFT: Mr H.W.E. Heath, Acting Deputy Commissioner of Police, shaking hands with a successful recruit during the passing out parade of 30 Cantonese constables at the Police Training School in Aberdeen last Saturday.



ABOVE: Mr and Mrs Norman Oai happily pose for our photographer after their wedding at St Andrew's Church on Monday afternoon. The bride is the former Miss Honor Randall. A highly successful reception was held later at the Kowloon Cricket Club.



ABOVE: A happy group snapped by our photographer at the joint gala dinner dance held by the Hongkong and Victoria Toastmasters Clubs at Winner House last Friday.



BELOW: U.S. Senator James William Fulbright and his daughter Elizabeth are pictured here on arrival at Kai Tak Airport on Wednesday. Senator Fulbright founded the Fulbright Scholarships which provide for exchanges of American and foreign University students.

ABOVE: The US Secretary of Defence, Mr Neil McElroy, is interviewed by the Press on his arrival at Kai Tak Airport recently. Mr McElroy spent several days in the Colony.



ABOVE: Trafalgar Day was celebrated in Hongkong on Tuesday. In top photo, the Rev. J.E. Sandbach leads an official group to the Cenotaph for the laying of a wreath by Commodore G.D.A. Gregory. BELOW is seen the naval guard taking over at Government House from the Lancashire Regiment.



ABOVE: Miss Barbara Black (seated near pillar), daughter of His Excellency the Governor and Lady Black, at the coffee morning held to raise funds for the St John's Cathedral Michaelmas Fair. Seated with Miss Black are (l-r) Mrs J. T. Mallorie, Miss D. Hooton and Mrs A. Hooton, wife of the Attorney-General.



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ABOVE: H.E. the Governor inspects a Hongkong Auxiliary Air Force aircraft during the visit to the annual camp of the HKAFF last Saturday.



LEFT: Lady Black inspects a household stall at the annual bazaar at the Hongkong Union Church last Saturday after declaring the bazaar open.



ABOVE: Terry Hall, pretty public relations officer for Hongkong Airways, meets young Edgar Priestman who is studying in Manila and arrived here on Wednesday for a five-day holiday.



ABOVE: A dinner was given by Jardine on Wednesday in honour of Mr. R. G. Jubitz, Vice-President of the States Steamship Company and Mr. H. G. Tobin, the Company's traffic manager. Seen (l-r) are Mr. I. D. Bruce, Jardine's Director, Mr. Tobin and Mr. Jubitz meeting a guest.

RIGHT: The Hon. D.J.M. Mackenzie chats with a young patient during a visit on Wednesday to the Children's Convalescent Home at Sandy Bay.

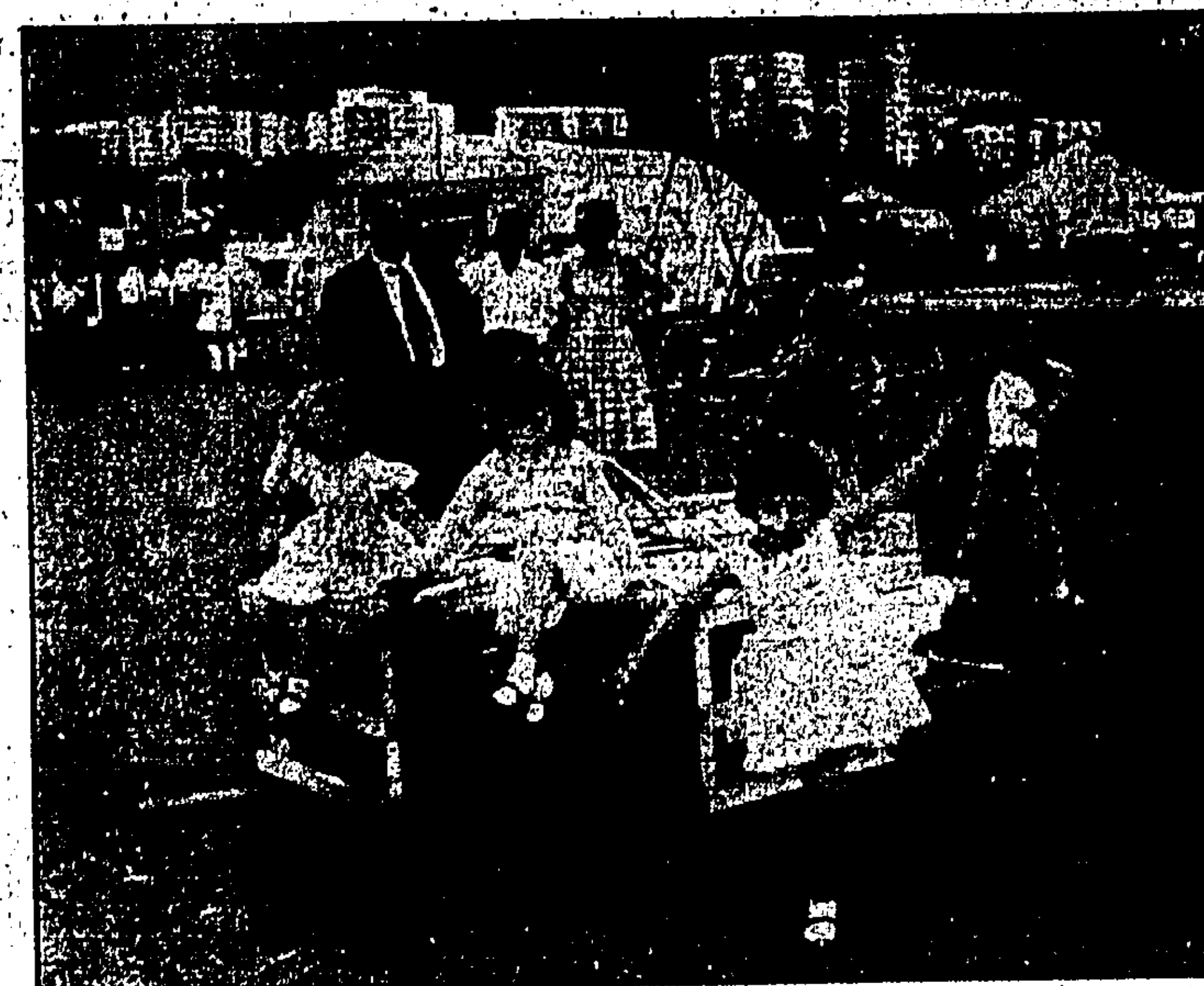


BELOW: Some of the happy children who enjoyed themselves at the annual kiddies' fun fair at Command Ordnance Depot held at Hilsa Camp, Kowloon Tong last Saturday.



ABOVE: Mr and Mrs A. M. Kennedy after their wedding at the Union Church, Hongkong, last week. The bride is the former Mrs M. Harper, of Newport, Mons.

BELOW: Mrs. Cheung Chun-hoi (standing) tells a Press conference of plans for the Chinese Women's Club's annual ball this year. On the left is Mrs Kwok Chan.



BELOW: Mr and Mrs Mario L. Rocha (centre) who celebrated their Golden wedding anniversary at the Cable and Wireless Sports Club last Friday.

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ABOVE: Mr and Mrs Jaime S. Ghazzi sign the register after their wedding at the Roman Catholic Cathedral last Saturday. The bride is the former Miss Maureen A. Ipekjian.



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DINE WINE DANCE

and be merry

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Girl's Cardigan 4-10 Years

MATERIALS:

7 (8) (9) ozs. of Emu
Gala, or Scotch 4 Ply or
Zephyr 4 Ply Botany.
1 pair each of Emu Knit-
ting Needles Nos. 10 and 12.
8 Buttons.

MEASUREMENTS:

To fit chest: 24 inches. 28
Length: 15½ 16½ 18
Sleeve Seam: 10½ 12 14

TENSION:

7 sts. and 10 rows over 1
square inch.

ABBREVIATIONS:

k., knit; p., purl; st(s),
stitch(es); tog., together;
t. b. l., through back of
loops;—means no stitches to
be knitted in this particular
size; beg., beginning; dec.,
decrease; inc., increase; alt.,
alternate; inc., increase.

NOTE:

These instructions are
written in three sizes,
stitches and measurements
for the smallest size being
given in the ordinary way,
the larger sizes being
bracketed in the following
spaces.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles cast on
84(92, 98) sts. and work in k. 1,
p. 1 rib for 1½ ins. Change to
No. 10 needles and continue in
stocking st. (1 row p. 1 row k.)
until work measures 10½
(11, 12) ins. finishing with a
p. row.

Shape Armholes

1st row: K. 2 tog., k. 1, to
last 6 sts. k. 2 tog., t. b. l., k. 4.
Dec. 1 st. at both ends of row
within 4 border sts. on every
following 8th(6th, 6th) row until
74(78, 84) sts. remain. Work
3(3, 0), more rows.

Shape Shoulders

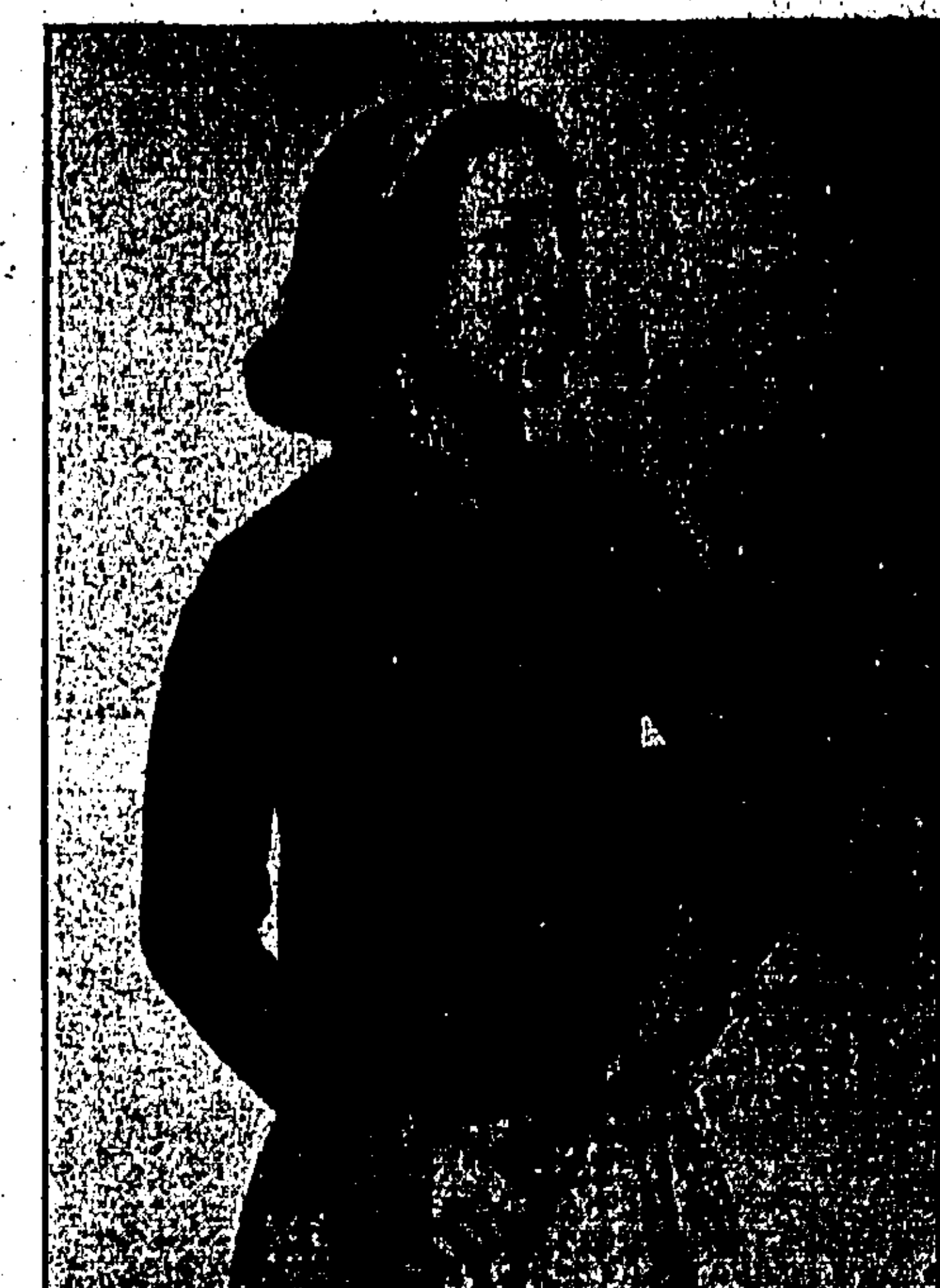
Cast off 8(8, 9) sts. at the beg.
of the next 4 rows and 8(9, 9)
sts. at the beg. of the next 2
rows. Cast off remaining
26(28, 30) sts. for back neck.

RIGHT FRONT

* Using No. 12 needles cast
on 42(46, 48) sts. and work in
k. 1, p. 1 rib for 1½ ins. Change
to No. 10 needles and continue
in stocking st. until work mea-
sures 10½(11, 12) ins. finishing
with a p. row.

Shape Armhole

Next row: K. 1, last 6 sts.,
k. 2 tog., t. b. l., k. 4.
Dec. 1 st. at side edge in this
manner on every following
8th(6th, 6th) row until 37(39, 42)
sts. remain. Work 2(2, 3)
more rows finishing at neck
edge.



sts. remain. Work 3(3, 9) more
rows finishing at neck edge.

Shape Neck and Shoulders

1st row: Cast off 10(11, 12)
sts. k. 1 to end.
2nd and 4th rows: Cast off
8(8, 9) sts. p. 1 to last 2 sts. p. 2
tog.

3rd row: K. 2 tog., k. 1 to end.

Work 1 row and then cast off
remaining 8(9, 9) sts. **

LEFT FRONT

Follow instructions for Right
Front from * to *

Shape Armhole

Next row: K. 4, k. 2 tog., k.
to end.
Dec. 1 st. at side edge in this
manner on every following
8th(6th, 6th) row until 37(39,
42) sts. remain. Work 2(2, 3)
more rows finishing at neck
edge.

Shape Neck and Shoulders
Follow instructions for Right
Front from ** to ** reading k.
for p. and p. for k. throughout.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles cast on
40(44, 48) sts. and work in k. 1,
p. 1 rib for 3 ins.

BUTTONHOLE

BAND

SLEEVES

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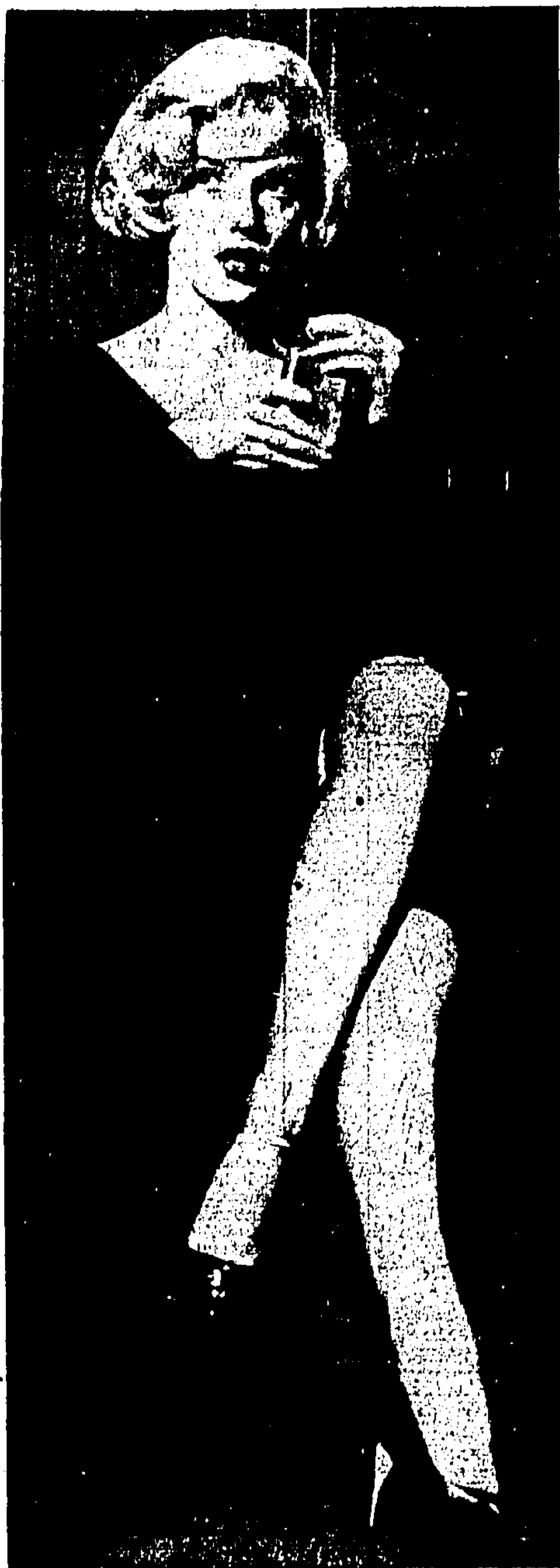
BAND

The INSIDE SHOW-BUSINESS Curious Co-stars!

FIRST PICTURES OF
BRYNNER (WITH HAIR)
AND A BLOWSY
MARGARET LEIGHTON

MARGARET LEIGHTON and Laurence Harvey are following the success-in-American fashion set by such other British husband-and-wife stars as Vivien Leigh and Sir Laurence Olivier, Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger, and Kay Kendall and Rex Harrison.

She is making her Hollywood debut opposite Yul Brynner in "The Sound and the Fury." This first picture from the film set shows that Leighton has lost her faded chte to play a fading Southern beauty on a desperate, never-ending search for love. But Brynner, the erstwhile bald-headed wonder, has gained a toupee. Laurence Harvey, meanwhile, is being cheered in San Francisco for his stage performance with the touring Old Vic company in "Henry V."



Roderick Mann

TOP COLUMNIST OF SHOW BUSINESS

Why Miss Greco won't go to Hollywood

DOMINATING Broadway today is a poster which reads, in letters 50 ft. high: "Juliette Greco: a new kind of woman excitement is here." Which is the kind of billing that Diana Dors dreams about at night, and for which most actresses would gladly trade their precious silver minks.

Happily Miss Greco is making a film at Pinewood at the moment — so I drove down the other day to ask how it felt to be plastered all over New York.

I found her curled up in her dressing-room drinking a glass of Beaujolais and making dents in an omelette with a fork. Her hair looked as if it had been styled with an egg-beater and she was wearing a sweater and jeans. Her feet were bare.

She told me what she thought of the poster.

"When I saw a photograph of it," she said, "I nearly died laughing. I was sure Darryl Zanuck must have paid for it—but in fact he didn't. What do you think it means. . . A new kind of woman excitement?"

I told her I'd hate to even hazard a guess, and she didn't press the point. Instead she kept on making dents in the omelette.

"I hear talk," I said, "of your marrying again. How do you feel about it?" (She was once wed to French actor Philippe Lemaire.)

"The very thought of it makes me feel like an oyster after lemon juice has been squeezed on it," she said.

HE CAN EXPECT HELP

This, I felt, was hardly likely to entwine her great and good friend Darryl Zanuck. For ever since he met her Zanuck has been near to her side, and gone flat out to make Greco an international star. And not only through his own pictures.

If another producer wants her, he can expect help, suggestions and advice from Zanuck—whether it be over the script or the casting or the cutting.

If another producer wants her, he can expect help, suggestions and advice from Zanuck—whether it be over the script or the casting or the cutting.

Indeed, he will get it whether he wants it or not, but there are few who will not take it—for Zanuck is one of the most experienced movie-makers in the world.

Zanuck is convinced that Greco's box-office potential is enormous. And he knows he is working with good material — for, unlike his earlier protegee, Miss Bella Dori, Greco has the talent to match her build.

PROOF

In two weeks' time, at the New York premiere of his African epic *The Roots of Heaven*, Zanuck will know for sure whether his hunch about Greco's potential has proved right.

She will be there. Zanuck is flying her specially over to attend the premiere.

Greco, firing of her omelette, curled up on the couch and talked about producer Zanuck.

"He doesn't really understand me, you know. He understands power and money and films — but not me. I am not interested in power or money. I do not need them to make my life complete."

IMPOSSIBLE

"He has not changed me — pool on location in Germany has not at all. But I have changed him a little. Today he is softer, quieter."

"Now he wants me to go to Hollywood to live. I have told him this is impossible. It is."

"I thought you knew," she said. "My mother was in Hollywood to live. I have told him this is impossible. It is."



MISS GRECO

"Like an oyster..."

Ravensbruck Concentration Camp."

FOOTNOTE: What was Zanuck's opinion of Greco's first British picture, *The Naked Earth* — in which she starred opposite Richard Todd? "Not very high, I am told. 'Had she had a really romantic leading man,' he has said, 'the picture would have grossed three times what it did. . .'"

Moving up in the world

HANDOUT from the Rank Organisation describing how John Mills flew back from Italy to start work on a new film.

"He was staying with Rex Harrison and Kay Kendall at Rex's chateau at Portofino, Italy."

See how glossy Mr Harrison's life has become.

When I was not there it was a plain, ordinary villa.

In any language...

MARIA CALLAS — born in America, raised in Greece and now living in Italy — was asked the other day what language she thought in.

"Well," said the highest paid opera star in the world, "all I can tell you is that I count in English."

There's no business like show business (1).

Right next to the "House of No. 1" notice put out nightly for "Auntie Mame" is a critic's notice reading: "A Total Disaster."

There's no business like show business (2).

Quite a few of the men who were asked "Who are you listening to now?" in a recent American TV survey replied:

"My mother was in 'My wife"

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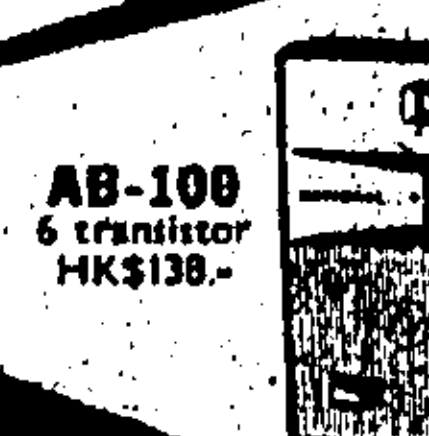
AB-155
6 transistor with
leather case
HK\$144.



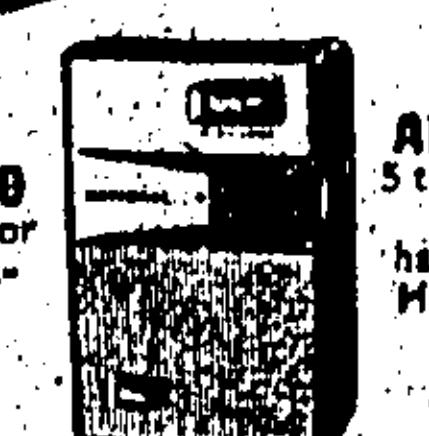
AB-235
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AB-175
7 transistor
short and
medium wave
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AB-145
5 transistor
with
handy bag
HK\$118.



AB-321
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short and medium wave
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EB-301
7 transistor
table model
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TO MARILYN, A UKULELE

This is Marilyn Monroe as she appears in her first Hollywood film for two years: *Some Like It Hot*. In it she plays Sugar Cane, a ukulele-strumming singer in an all-girl band.

To give you an idea of the kind of film this is, another member of this all-girl band — curly-banged Geraldine — turns out to be Tony Curtis, hiding out from some Chicago gangsters.

Miss Monroe's only problem to date: she's overweight! "But Arthur (husband Arthur Miller) likes me this way," she says.

FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

The Harmony In Friendship

"WHY, YES, of course I like Sarah; she is my very best friend, but she does have the worst taste when it comes to clothes. She seems to have the faculty of putting on the wrong things whenever we go out anywhere together. Honestly, I hate to be seen with her when she has on that yellow and black striped coat. She looks just like a bumble bee in it."

"I do like Ray Thomas a lot and I see a lot of her, we live in the same block, but I do wish that she was a little bit livelier, had a little more of

what it takes. She never seems to be able to say a word when we are in a crowd. She sits there like a bump on a log unless someone goes out of her way to draw her out."

How often do we hear girls talk like that, even about their best friends.

★ ★ ★
They don't say, "Sarah is the grandest girl; she's right up at the head of her class, you know, and once a week she has three or four of the crowd who are not good in math up to her house and gives us a boost. She loves math, for goodness sake!"
Or, "Ray is so interesting when she talks about books; it

is a pleasure and an education to be with her."

Thomas Jefferson put this whole matter far better than I can in a letter he once wrote one of his daughters. She evidently had been complaining to him about one of her friends. "If your friend has anything difficult in her disposition," he wrote, "avoid what is rough and attach her good qualities to yours."

Then he went on to advise her to consider what was unpleasant in her friends as she would a bad stop on her harpsichord, and never use it when she was playing on it, never even pull it out.

"Just play on the good keys," he told her.

This is a splendid thought; just as good today, after more than 150 years, as it was when President Jefferson said it.

★ ★ ★
The next time we feel like finding fault with those we love, let us remember that, in playing the music of perfect friendship, it is not necessary that we use any of the bad stops.

If we will, as President Jefferson suggested to his daughter, forget that they are there we will be surprised to see what beautiful harmony we can make.

Early Morning Race

—Everybody Said Both Knarf And Hand Won—

By MAX TRELL

Wants To Sleep

It was a bright and beautiful morning.

"Wake up!" Hand, the Shadow Girl with the Turned-About Name, said to her brother, Knarf.

He was sleeping behind the bookcase. She gave him a shake.

"Go 'way! Let me alone!" Knarf grumbled.

"Come on!" she cried. "It's a beautiful morning. Let's take a swim before breakfast."

"No," said Knarf. "I want to sleep."

"Then," Hand went on, giving her brother another shake, "after we have a swim, we'll go for a ride. By that time, it'll be time for breakfast. We'll both be hungry. Get up, you lazy-bones!"

After much shaking, Knarf finally got to his feet. "Come along," Hand said, taking him by the arm. "A nice jump in the pool will wake you up."

She got Knarf outside.

The pool was behind the garden wall. It was a pool made of rain water. It was really a rain puddle. Hand pushed her brother in.

"Owl! It's cold!" he shouted.

Quick Swim

But the cold water woke him up. He had to jump up and down to get himself warm again. Hand dived in for a quick swim herself.

A few minutes later, Knarf and Hand were running across the field on the other side of the garden wall. When they reached the stump of the apple tree, they stopped, got down on their knees and started looking under the broad stem of a fern.

"Ah, there you are, Longlegs!" Hand exclaimed.

"Here's Hoppy!" Knarf exclaimed the next moment.

Hand led out a Duddy Longlegs which had been tethered to the stem of the fern by a length of spider web, while Knarf trotted out Hoppy, a Green Grasshopper, which had been tethered to a blade of grass a few inches away. These were the

two "Horses" belonging to Knarf and Hand.

No Bigger Than Pins

Having found their mounts, Knarf and Hand pulled themselves together until they were no bigger than pins (Shadows can make themselves any size they please). Then they scrambled up on the backs of Longlegs and Hoppy.

"Yippee!" cried Hand, as she went dashing over daisies and buttercups.

"Ride 'em, Cowboy!" shouted Knarf, as he sprang high up into the air on the back of his Grasshopper.

Knarf and Hand both stopped at the white rock in the middle of the field.

"Let's race back to the kitchen steps," Hand said. "Get ready, set, GO!"

You can't imagine how much fun it is to ride on the back of a Duddy Longlegs or a Grasshopper. Some say the Duddy Longlegs is more fun, for his legs seem to go in all directions at the same time.

Sometimes you feel as though you were about to go toppling off. You hang on with all your might. You sway. You swing. You shake like jelly in a dish.

HOW AMAZE TO YOUR PAL

GO AHEAD, CUT THE STRING... I'LL CHEW IT RIGHT BACK TOGETHER AGAIN.

DON'T KID ME, MAN.

HERES HOW

1. TIE A STRING (ABOUT 30 IN. LONG) INTO A LOOP LIKE THIS.

2. MAKE TWO LOOPS BY TWISTING THE STRING.

3. THEN... LAY ONE LOOP ON THE OTHER.

4. HOLD LOOP WITH ONE HAND COVERING TWIST... HAVE A PAL CUT IT HERE...

CHEW ON ENDS TO FOOL YOUR PAL... THEN, HOLD OUT STRING.

Then on you go, with the tail grass and the daisies waving over your head.

Mighty Leaps

But others say that there is nothing in the world like riding on the back of a Grasshopper. For no one in the world, not even a Kangaroo, can take such mighty leaps.

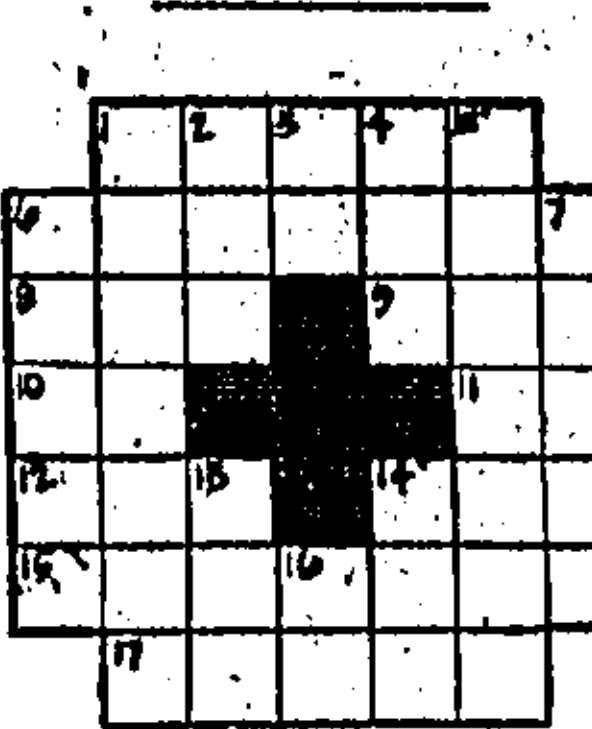
Up you go! Flying through the air like a bird, or like a bouncing ball. Then down you come, fast as a falling star. You land with hardly a bump and then you go bouncing up again.

Who won the race to the kitchen steps?

Longlegs, with Hand on its back, reached the bottom of the steps just as the very instant that Hoppy, with Knarf on its back, was in the air just in front of the kitchen door. Everyone said they both won.

YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

CROSSWORD



ACROSS

- 1 Retinue
- 2 Colour
- 3 Number
- 4 Proposition
- 5 Father
- 6 Crafty
- 7 Cleaning tool
- 8 Pesterers
- 9 Sting

DOWN

- 1 Three-baggers (baseball)
- 2 Colour
- 3 While
- 4 Devotee
- 5 Rhode Island resort
- 6 fund
- 7 Detergents
- 8 Sweet potato
- 9 Sea (French)
- 10 South America (ab.)

SOUND ALIKES

Puzzle Pete's missing words sound alike, but are spelled differently. Can you finish his sentence correctly?

His — felt that — long he would — in some way and be given the —.

(Solutions on Page 20)

WORD SQUARE

Rearrange the letters in each row to form a good word and then rearrange the rows so you can read the square the same down as well as across:

E	O	P	R	V
A	A	I	L	V
E	L	L	S	Y
A	P	R	S	Y
A	O	L	R	Y

WORD CHAIN

Can you change a PERCH to a PLACE in three moves? Make sure you only change one letter at a time and have a good word on each change. Puzzle Pete did it by changing R to A; H to E and E to L.

WORD TRIANGLE

Puzzle Pete has based his triangle on SENDERS. The second word is an abbreviation for "total expenses"; third "males"; fourth "highway"; fifth "a small rodent"; and sixth "pesterer". Complete the triangle from these clues:

S
E
N
D
E
R
S



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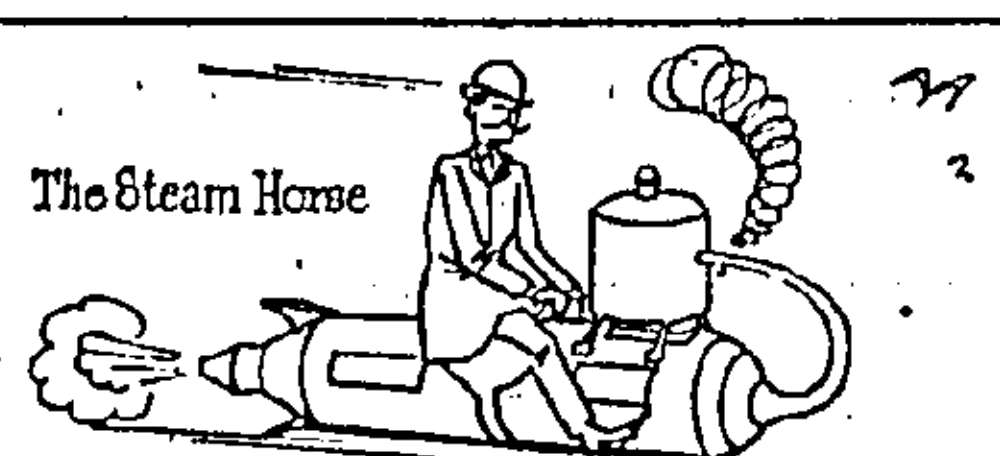
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Jet Airliners Really Move



JET PROPULSION IS NOT A NEW IDEA. SIR ISAAC NEWTON PROPOSED (BUT NEVER BUILT) A JET-PROPELLED HORSELESS CARRIAGE BACK IN 1680!

IN THE 1800'S, APLY-NAMED CHAS. GOLIGHTLY WORKED FRUITLESSLY ON HIS 'STEAM HORSE' WHICH HE COASTED WOULD CARRY HIM FROM PARIS TO ST. PETERSBURG IN JUST ONE HOUR.

THE JET AGE—COMMERCIAL JET TRAVEL IS ALMOST HERE AND GOLIGHTLY'S BOAST A LOT NEARER FACT. HERE'S AN EXAMPLE:

CHICAGO TO NEW YORK—1 HR., 38 MINUTES

MANY ADVANTAGES, BESIDE SPEED ARE CITED:

QUIET—SO MUCH SO THAT YOU'LL SPEAK IN NORMAL TONES	LONGER SERVICE BETWEEN OVERHAULS. MILITARY JETS FLY 2 TO 3 TIMES LONGER THAN PISTON AIRCRAFT BETWEEN TEARDOWNS.
SMOOTH—NO ROUGH AIR, VIBRATION OR SENSE OF SPEED.	MORE POWER WITH LESS WEIGHT—MEANS MORE PASSENGERS OR MORE LUXURIOUS PLANES.

THE VERY FIRST GUIDED MISSILE

THE ABORIGINES of Australia made the first guided missile ever known—the return boomerang.

This strange, curved missile, made of the green wood of the acacia or some other hard tree and treated with fire, is convex on one side and flat on the other. It has a sharp edge along the curve convex.

Form

It got its name from the natives of New South Wales, who

called their clubs bumarin or wurruang.

The return boomerang should not be confused with the non-return or war boomerang. The general form of both instruments is the same. They are sickle-shaped, made of wood, and so modelled that the thickness is about one-sixth of the breadth. The breadth is about one-twelfth of the length, which varies from six inches to three or four feet.

In an expert's hand the war boomerang is a deadly weapon. It is of the nonreturn type, for otherwise it might be as dangerous to the thrower as to the object at which it is aimed. The return type is used as

a plaything, or for killing small game and birds.

Australian natives can accomplish throws of 100 yards or more before the leftward curve begins that eventually brings it back.

Experts

But they are experts, being trained from early childhood in the art of throwing the return boomerang.

This type weighs about eight ounces, and must always be thrown with the right hand to make the proper left curve and return.

Other countries have experimented with ivory, steel and other materials. But in Australia, where they are consistently used, boomerangs are never made of anything but wood.

—By M. S. SHELTON

CAN YOU MEND THIS PUZZLE?

By Bobbie E. Hagerman

Change torn to mend by changing one letter, at a time, forming a new word to fit the definition.

TORN—1. — a sea gull; 2. — a Southern state; abbr.; 3. — a cure for—MEND.

1. GULL 2. ALABAMA 3. ANTACID

CLEVER SHORTCUT

Next time you wash hair ribbons, don't bother to iron them. Instead, squeeze as much water as possible from each ribbon by hand. Then smooth it out carefully and wind it around any glass jar. Fasten the ends, top and bottom, with a rubber band. A few hours later each ribbon will be bone dry and as pretty as though you'd used a hot iron.

PAPER MAGIC

Fill a glass with water to the very brim and lay a 3x5 filing card across the top of the glass. Lay one hand on top of the card and hold the glass with the other one. Working over a sink, invert the glass and remove your hand from under the card. The paper will hold the water in the glass.

The magician is really air. Air pushes up as well as down so air keeps the card in place and holds the water in the glass.

It is not really necessary to work over a sink after you have practiced a few times.

BALL TRICK

Put two wine glasses in a line on a table in front of you and place a ping-pong ball in the nearer glass. Blow hard between the ping-pong ball and the side of the glass which is near you. The air which is compressed under the ball will lift it up into the other glass.

400,000 WHO

THE WOODPECKER PECKS BECAUSE IT IS CONSTANTLY DIGGING IN WOOD TO FIND GRUBS, OR TO MAKE HOLES IN WHICH TO SLEEP AND NEST.

AN ANGEL WILL DENY A DAY IT IS DEPRIVED OF FOOD.

THIRD RAREST BIRD IN AMERICA IS SAID TO BE THE KITE OF THE FLORIDA EVERGLADES. IT EATS ONLY FRESHWATER SNAILS AND WHEN THE SNAILS ARE DESTROYED BY THE DRYING UP OF THEIR MARSH HOMES, THE KITE MUST MOVE ELSEWHERE.

—By William J. Weiser Jr.

JAK AT THE DOG SHOW



"HE'LL LET YOU PAT HIM ALL RIGHT—BUT THE TRICK IS GETTING YOUR HAND BACK!"

London Express Service

JACOBY ON BRIDGE

East Counts Cards To Win

NORTH		13
♠ A 10 4 3	♥ K 5	
♦ J 10 9	♣ J 10 9	
WEST		
♠ 5 2	♥ K Q 9 8	
♦ 10 8 7	♣ J 10 9	
♠ 7 6 5 3 2	♥ K Q 8 4	
SOUTH (D)		
♠ J 7	♥ A Q 8 2	
♦ A K 10 7 6 4	♣ A	
North and South vulnerable		
South West North East		
1 ♠ Pass 1 ♠ Pass		
2 ♥ Pass 3 ♦ Pass		
3 N.T. Pass Pass Pass		
Opening lead—♠ 3		

By OSWALD JACOBY

TODAY'S hand is an old-timer, but it is still one of my favourites. I sat West and for want of anything better to do opened the three of clubs. Dummy played the nine and my partner, Harold Vanderbilt, went into a 10-minute huddle.

Eventually, he came to the winning decision and played the eight of clubs. South had to play his singleton ace and when I got in with the queen of diamonds I was able to make four club tricks and set the hand.

In an ordinary game, I am sure that my partner would have played the eight of clubs much quicker, but this was the final session of the American Whist League's 1954 team championship and Mr. Vanderbilt thought the hand might prove important. It turned out that it did. At the other table our partners had bid and made five diamonds. If Harold had gone up with the queen of clubs, South would have made four five no trump and won the board for his team.

As it was, we won the board and when the final results were tabulated that board turned out to be our exact margin of victory, so this play had decided the whole tournament.

CARD SENSE

Q—The bidding has been:
West North East South
1 ♠ Double Pass 2 ♠
Pass 3 ♥
You, South, hold:
♠ 10 ♠ 7 6 5 4 3 2 ♠ A 7 5 3
What do you do?
A—Bid four hearts. You have seven points including an ace and have shown nothing so far.

TODAY'S QUESTION
Your partner has doubled a one-spade opening and you hold:
♠ 10 ♠ A K 5 7 3 ♠ Q 7 3 2
What do you do?

Answer on Monday

TARGET

C	N	I
E	V	A
D	A	O

How many of these letters or more can you find in the words below? Each word must contain the letter 'I' in the centre. No proper nouns or names. Words of 10 letters or more. TODAY'S TARGET: 24 words. Good! 15 words. Excellent! 20 words. Solution on Monday.

Young Thugs Burn Boy

London. HOW powerful are Britain's trade union bosses? On paper, with their millions of followers in every industry, immensely so.

But that power is a reality only so long as they command the unwavering loyalty of the rank and file. And many Britons are beginning to doubt that they do command such loyalty.

Last week Britain's mighty state-run international airline, B.O.A.C., was all but hamstrung by a strike of maintenance engineers; a strike which in its inception did not have the official support of the men's union bosses.

The strikers thumbed their noses at union exhortations to return to work while settlement of their grievances was negotiated in the agreed manner. They preferred to listen to the agitators in their midst.

The same defiance of their trade union was shown by workers at the giant Shell building site on the banks of the Thames. Despite the disapproval of their elected leaders they engineered stoppage after stoppage until, in desperation, their employers fired the lot of them.

This new industrial weapon—the lightning pay-off—was employed again at a half-built power station in Kent. There, the men who walked out in support of the workers sacked from the Shell site. Their employers acted swiftly and fired them.

In both cases the action was drastic. But the employers had had enough of irresponsible, unofficial stoppages and bickering. And their hands were forced by the inability of the trade union bosses to control their men.

This sort of action is hailed by those who demand a once-and-for-all management-labour showdown. But moderates claim that such a showdown would be at best sterile, at worst disastrous.

Where a showdown is needed is between the official, democratically elected trade union leaders and the trouble-makers among their members who challenge their authority.

Who are these trouble-makers? When a question like this was put to an official union representative, Mr. Jim Matthews, at the height of the B.O.A.C. trouble, he answered: "I believe there are many who would rather see the Russian T.U. 104 operating across the

PETER BURGOYNE'S News From Britain

Atlantic instead of the British Comet IV."

Pension plan

BRITAIN'S Socialists last week rounded on their Conservative opponents and accused them of plagiarism. The Tories, they charged, had stolen their national pensions plan.

I doubt if even the most fervid Socialist really believed this. The improbability of the charge apart, the Socialist pension plan had not been published sufficiently long for the Tory planners to have lifted it and produced a thinly disguised copy, as was alleged. No, the Socialist anguish was caused by the Tories' "anything you can do, we can do better" policy.

It's hard for the Socialists to portray their opponents as the apostles of reaction when the Tories produce a welfare plan which looks more "socialist" than the Socialists'.

The Tory pension plan—the more you earn, the more you pay, the more you get—is not designed primarily as a vote-catcher (though electorally it will do them no harm). It is aimed at salvaging the existing National Insurance Fund which is running rapidly into the red.

Blind viciousness

SOME of those who cheered Home Secretary Butler's refusal recently to reintroduce corporal punishment for crimes of violence were having second thoughts as newspapers headlined stories of Teddy Boy viciousness.

In the London area surgeons operated to save the sight of a young victim of Teddy Boys. Two teen-age thugs wearing Teddy Boy's "winter uniform," black duffle-coats, had thrown a

bundle of lighted fireworks which exploded in his face. And in Glasgow police were hunting the Teddies. Boys who throttled a ten-year-old into near unconsciousness with a length of rope, then kicked and punched him as he lay sobbing.

Also sought by Glasgow police were the young thugs who caught and bound a boy then burned him with lighted paper.

In the face of such blind viciousness, even liberal-minded citizens are finding it difficult to resist the advocates of the "cat" and the bludge.

No change

WITH the Americans and Russians strapped in the spatulak race, it's worth recording that they wouldn't know what was happening to their man-made moons but for a masterpiece of British scientific engineering—the mighty radio telescope at Jodrell Bank.

It is awe-inspiring in sheer size. It has been described like this: "Uptum the dome of St Paul's Cathedral, and sling it between twin towers, each the height of Nelson's Column." And it revolves on a railway which would just fit into London's spacious Trafalgar Square.

Both Americans and Russians must depend on the Jodrell Bank telescope to track their space projectiles. For no other telescope on earth is equipped to do so.

This service is provided free of charge, and proud Britons are indignantly slapping down the suggestion that the Americans be asked to bear part of the cost of the telescope.

One London newspaper has described this suggestion as "an insulting proposal."

Sir Harold keeps watch on the Divorce Court

By J. W. M. THOMPSON

I SUPPOSE that in most people's minds the Queen's Proctor is a faceless snooper in a bowler hat who prowls around looking for hushed-up bits of evidence in divorce cases.

This week he is cutting a different figure. In the Milford Haven case, Mr. Justice Arlidge, Davies asked for the Proctor's assistance on the purely legal arguments involved.

Lord Milford Haven, in seeking a declaration that a divorce obtained against him in Mexico is valid in Britain, raised a point with more legal intricacies than the ordinary run of divorce court business.

entangled in the lives of the highest and the humblest. He even came into the picture when the marriage of Mr and Mrs Ernest Simpson was being dissolved in 1956.

A London solicitor's clerk named Francis Stephenson then presented the Proctor with an affidavit alleging that the divorce should not be made absolute because "material facts" had been concealed and that there had been "collusion" in obtaining the divorce.

The Proctor had a busy time investigating this and various other allegations that were made about the Simpson divorce—but in the end all were dismissed as unfounded. The decree was granted, and Mrs Simpson duly married the Duke of Windsor.

Now a later Proctor has been asked to help unravel the matrimonial tangle of the Duke's cousin, Lord Milford Haven, this time as a sort of expert witness on questions of divorce law. I imagine it is a more agreeable role than the one he is accustomed to fill. Whatever the legal necessity for the office (and it must be said that Scotland seems to manage comfortably without a Proctor), few people would wish the job apart from incorrigible Paul Frys.

He is paid £6,000 a year; but then he is also the Treasury Solicitor, a much more important post. This makes him one of the Government's principal legal consultants, and, in fact, leaves only a little of his time to spare for his more mysteriously named activity as Queen's Proctor.

Main duty

Nevertheless, it is as the Proctor that he looms largest in the public mind. As such his main duty is to see that the evidence given in divorce cases is accurate and honest, that there has been no collusion between the parties, and that essential facts have not been concealed.

It is, you may rightly say, a tall order. In trying to carry it out the Proctor finds himself

So the Assistant Queen's Proctor, who is a solicitor, is in charge of the day-to-day work. He has a Senior Legal Assistant, also a solicitor, and what is rather cynically described as a "supporting staff."

They all fit themselves into a few dimly lit rooms at the Treasury Solicitor's office a few minutes from Whitehall. It seems a modest force to match against the big battalions who crowd the divorce courts nowadays; rather like setting a bicycle to keep abreast of the Comet.

Cheering

How do they track down the cases in which it is their duty to intervene? Sometimes they act on the basis of "information received." This may be an anonymous note from a righteous acquaintance of some miscreant; or it may be a signed denunciation by some franker informant.

They are also, of course, often invited by the courts to interest themselves in a case where something fishy appears to have been going on.

A hint of the restrained scale of their activities is given in the official Civil Estimates, in which, for 1958-59, a mere £2,500 is budgeted for "divorce interventions under the Matrimonial Causes Act, 1935."

The sum of £2,500 would hardly cover a week's expenses for some superior investigator in the plushy modern manner of Mr Ian Fleming's James Bond, say.

His 'cases'

However, I note that it is the same sum as appeared in the previous year's estimates. It is cheering to see that inflation has not been allowed to turn heads in this branch of public expenditure, at least. The Proctor's office was not able to tell me the exact rate at which interventions are being made at present, but in

one recent year the Proctor intervened in 25 cases only — out of a total of 29,276 divorces.

In 1930 the intervened in 30 cases; but then there were only 3,925 divorces awarded.

In spite of this apparently small scale, many a victory has been scored by successive Proctors in their campaign to thwart divorces which would contravene the law.

Some of these are rather picturesque episodes — as in the unmaking of a woman who had illicitly invented a wicked twin sister to take the blame for her own lurid past. But unhappiness, often in sordid circumstances, is the staple ingredient.

And every successful intervention by the Proctor means the same thing — the fixing together in matrimony of two people who agree, in nothing else, in wishing to break the bonds.

It is the law, however, that collusive divorces must be prevented, and the Proctor and his men are merely doing what society has told them to do.

One aspect of the process which disturbs me, as it must disturb others, is the element of the lottery which seems to enter into it.

Marriage is a gamble, admittedly, and there seems no immediate prospect of either legislative or judicial action altering that. But should the same strain of chance come into the workings of the courts — even the divorce courts?

One previous Proctor, Lord Desart, estimated that in his day three divorces out of four were obtained by the collusion of both parties against the judge. How accurate that figure is we cannot know. At all events, it makes 25 interventions out of 29,276 divorces seem a strikingly small proportion.

Does anyone really believe that the institution and activities of the Queen's Proctor keep collusion out of divorce cases? Does Sir Harold Kent himself, I wonder?

(London Express Service)



THE BOARD OF MANAGEMENT OF THE HONG KONG TOURIST ASSOCIATION

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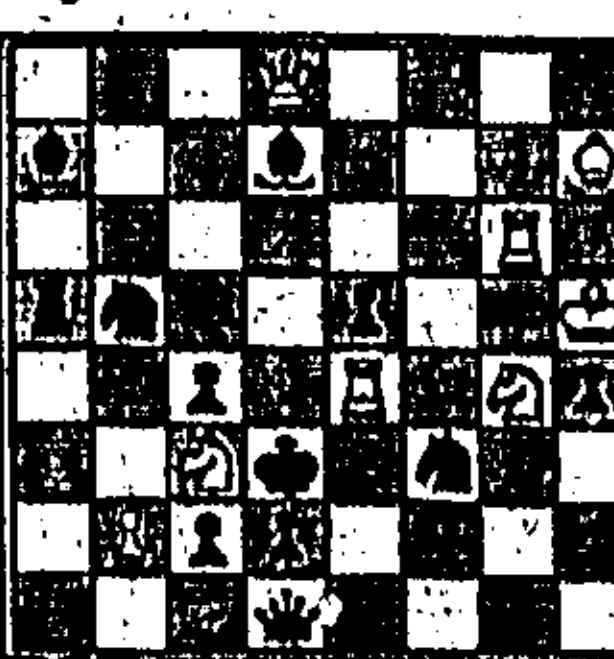
SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"When business is good Harry can't get away, and when it's poor we can't afford a vacation!"

CHESS

by LEONARD BARDEN



Here is a problem by G. Thomas (Magazine, 1941). White to play and mate in two moves.

London Express Service

Optimists Out For Fourth Straight Cricket Victory

**FAVOURER AGAINST CCC
IN MATCH OF AFTERNOON
AT HAPPY VALLEY**

By ROBERT TAY

Will Craigenover Cricket Club be able to stop the winning streak of the Hongkong Cricket Club "Optimists"?

That's the question asked by most cricket enthusiasts as the Colony cricket league enters its fourth week this afternoon with a curtailed programme of four first division and five second division matches.

Recreio have called off both their senior and junior games on account of the club's annual trip to Macao for a series of sports fixtures there.

Whether the calling off of these matches is fair to their opponents who are left without a game this week-end, is a matter of opinion. As far as Craigenover Cricket Club is concerned this is an annual affair for them which takes top priority. However, for the satisfaction of all concerned it would have been a very good idea if Craigenover had arranged their trip to Macao last Sunday and Monday, the latter day being a holiday.

Top Match

Top match this afternoon will undoubtedly be the clash between the Optimists and Craigenover Cricket Club at the Valley, and on present form it looks as if the Optimists are all set for their fourth straight win.

It is true they will this afternoon be without Laurie Kilbee, who knocked out a useful 31 for them last week, and it is true also that the Optimists' fall did not wag too strongly last week, when their last seven batsmen put up only 22 runs among them. However, it must be remembered that all these batsmen came in when only quick runs and not wickets mattered.

NOTICE

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

Programmes and Entry Forms for the 3rd Race Meeting 1958/59 to be held on Saturday 8th and Sunday 10th November, 1958 (weather permitting) may be obtained at the Secretary's Office, Alexandra House; the Club House, Happy Valley; and the Stables, Shan Kwong Road.

Entries close at 12 o'clock NOON on Tuesday, 28th October, 1958.

By Order of the Stewards,
A. E. ARNOLD,
Secretary.

Against the limited Craigenover bowling, the Optimists' batting looks good for a substantial total this afternoon, and the only possibility of Craigenover making a game of it will lie in their ability of capturing the first couple of wickets—especially those of Rowe, Pritchard or Leigh-Bennett—before they start to settle down.

Extremely Lucky

Craigenover Cricket Club were extremely lucky, I think, in snatching their six-run win over Royal Air Force last Saturday. They should have been cut for a much lower total than the 124 which they ultimately reached.

Only Dabber stood up to the bowling after Paul Cross had been bowled by Birley, and during his innings of 57 not out, Dabber narrowly escaped being bowled on no fewer than five occasions, the ball missing the stumps each time by a fraction of an inch.

Despite being strengthened this afternoon by the inclusion of P. Ragl and T. Lewis, I doubt very much if they can measure up to their opponents both in bowling and batting.

Brightest Cricketers
The next most interesting match will probably be that between Royal Air Force and Indian Recreation Club. In all their matches so far, the Indians have built for themselves the reputation of being the brightest cricketers in the league—win or lose.

Last week against Craigenover, they displayed again that commendable attitude, even though the odds were against them in the late stages of the game.

They have a good bowling and fielding side, but batting seems to be their main weakness. Unless they can get well among the runs this afternoon, I am afraid the Indians with their all-round strength will be that shade too good for them.

Narrow Shave

At Chater Road, bright cricket should be the order of the day as the "Scorpions" take on the Police. The Police are another team in this year's league, who are going to be extremely popular for their

bright and happy-go-lucky type of cricket.

The Scorpions had a narrow shave last week when they defeated Navy and Dockyard by only 17 runs after being themselves all out for 87. Considering the policemen's more than creditable performance last Saturday against Kowloon Cricket Club, the Chater Road cricketers will do well not to under-rate their opponents, who are a much more improved team than they were last year.

In the last first division game of the afternoon, Army "South" are expected to have the measure of Royal Navy and Dockyard, although the latter are fast getting into their stride as evidenced by the fight they put up against the "Scorpions" last week. But they still lack the ability to knock up the runs, in which the soldiers are slightly better served.

Second Division

Of the second division games, that between Indian Recreation Club and R.A.F. at Sookunpo should be recently contested one with the unbeaten Indians starting as favourites.

Army "North" will probably enjoy a slight edge over "Phoenix Ashes" at Boundary Street, and Army "South" should complete the double for the Army teams in this division with a fairly decisive win over Royal Navy and Dockyard.

The two school teams DBS and KGV will be involved in two close games against the Centurians and Police respectively, and have a very good chance of emerging victorious in each of their games.

SPORTS QUIZ

1. Which athlete won the most recently gold medals?
2. With which sports do you associate (a) Eric Evans, (b) Norman O'Neill, (c) Richard Bergmann?
3. How many times did Victor Barna win the Davis Cup from 1948 to 1955?
4. Name the one-armed tennis player who represented Austria in the Davis Cup from 1948 to 1955.
5. Which famous United States marshal refereed the heavyweight boxing match between Bob Fitzsimmons and Tom Sharkey?
6. Is a batsman out if the cricket ball hits his wrist and is deflected into a fielder's hand?
7. Which British footballer has recently been transferred from Sheffield Wednesday to Manchester United for the record fee of £45,000?
8. What sport is played with stones weighing over 40lb?
9. In a world heavyweight title fight, Max Baer knocked down his opponent twelve times in eleven rounds. Who was the victim?
10. What's the game? "Of Levantine origin being played in Greece in early 1680's... used to be known as Biritch or Russian whist."

(Answers On Page 19)



Count them! One, two, three, four, five, six Chelsea defenders between him and goal. But it was beating obstacles like this that made Nat Lofthouse Britain's most menacing centre-forward. And the magic is still there—leaping Lofthouse (extreme right) proves it as he somehow carves through this wary wall the only goal of the match for Bolton at Stamford Bridge.

ROBERT MORLEY...presenting a Beginner's Guide on How to Choose a Racehorse

You Can Tell My Filly By Her Ears

WHEN I went to Newmarket to buy a racehorse recently I got there in record time—mainly because both the level-crossing keepers were away on their annual holidays.

For those of you who don't go racing at Newmarket, I should perhaps explain about the two level-crossings.

One is six miles from the racecourse, the other 12. And on race days they are kept shut. Shut, that is, to cars and coaches. If you were in a train you might, I suppose, consider them open.

Three or four times in the morning on big-race days the gates are opened briefly for road traffic, and the long queue of cars moves forward for a few minutes—soon to be halted again by an implacable gate-keeper, who is accompanied, more often than not, by a policeman, to remind motorists not to attempt to charge the gates.

SO PUZZLING

But this is a ceremony reserved for race days. Its purpose, I am convinced, is a desire to discourage racing and to remind us that it's later than we think and that we will probably miss the second race as well as the first.

On the morning I decided to buy my horse Music Box there were no trains to be seen.

By the side of the road leading to the paddocks were parked the most beautiful cars in the world. It was ten o'clock and the sales had been going for half an hour. Heaven alone knows what bargains I had missed.

Hurriedly, I bought a catalogue and found a seat in a covered stand facing the rostrum.

Because few people are crazy enough to buy a racehorse in cold blood, they are nearly always sold by auction, like china dogs at the seaside.

I sat for some time watching the bidding and trying to puzzle out why one colt should fetch 150 guineas while another, who

seemed to me a good deal smaller and less lively, 4,000.

The secret—as is so often the case in Britain—is, of course, in the breeding. But here you have to be an expert even to begin to grasp it.

ON THE LIST

Each colt or filly is listed in the catalogue, together with the names of its parents, grandparents, and great grandparents. Underneath are brief biographical details of various members of the family.

When, as is often the case, none of them seems to have particularly distinguished itself on a racecourse, distant relatives are included in a brave attempt to make things seem a bit more hopeful for the intending buyer.

You will read, for instance, that the dam of Lot 70 ran twice unplaced and that her mother was kicked in the stifle as a two-year-old and was unbroken.

You will learn too that mother had another daughter who won a race at Birmingham and was promptly sent to Australia, and two sons, one of whom she won a small race and is still hoping to win another.

A FULL LIFE

The great grandmother, although she didn't race either, had a very full life and had a number of very successful children, several of whom won races at the early age of two years. One was once placed second at Ascot.

Naturally, all this was some years ago now, but it is nice to remember. Besides all these bewildering family trees, other comments

appear from time to time, such as: "This colt is three parts brother to Fillet Steak" or "This filly belongs to No. 8 Family."

After a time, I got tired of worrying over the catalogue and strolled out into the sunshine. In fact, I was looking for someone who knew about it all.

The first person I met is probably the greatest expert on horse breeding alive today. We watched a number of animals parade in silence and finally I drew his attention to a chestnut colt who seemed a good deal larger and stronger than his companions.

RATHER LIKE

"You like it...why?" he asked, obviously profoundly disturbed by my choice.

"Bound to win a race," I asserted.

"Ah, yes," he agreed. "But when and where?"

"Can't tell you that," I countered.

"If I had that animal," he told me, "I should put it away for two years and then produce it to win an amateur handicap hurdle at Uttoxeter...that is, supposing I had a bit of luck."

I decided not to bid for the chestnut which, in fact, fetched nearly 2,000 guineas...there must be more money in the jumping game than I suspected.

What I was really searching for, of course, was the Derby winner for 1960. Hard ridden, this year's winner, was bought at this sale two years ago for £700. And the 1960 conqueror was obviously there somewhere. If only I could spot it among the 200 or so colts.

Of course, to be absolutely certain of getting the winner one should buy them all and the filly too, although it's a long

while since a lady won the Derby.

I cannot remember now why I finally chose the horse I did. Possibly because she was a grey, which makes her easy to recognise when we meet on the gallops.

It is always embarrassing to have to ask your trainer which mount is yours. And, although I have been looking at horses for more than 30 years, I still find it almost impossible to tell one from another.

REAL REASON

Perhaps I bought her because of her ears, which seemed rather larger than one would have expected, and which I was once told by someone is always the sign of a good mare.

Perhaps it was because her sire was American and won 17 races worth about £25,000 in his time and it may well be that a little American blood will make all the difference—as it has to so many of our best families. Perhaps it was simply that I thought of a name for a daughter of Fighting Don and Silver Lute—and like everything I think of I was rather pleased with it.

But I suppose the real reason was that if I hadn't bought Music Box when I did I might have had to leave without buying anything.

THE THRILL

I might, indeed, never have owned another racehorse, never have known the excitement of driving half across England to some obscure race track where one's horse is entered in a selling race which it can't possibly win unless all the others are scratched or fall down or refuse to start.

And yet all the way there one tells oneself that that is exactly what may happen...that the trainer is much too pessimistic...that this is the day, probably, when the horse will surprise everyone by winning the first of what will prove to be a series of dazzling victories.

ALWAYS HOPE

Driving home again afterwards there is plenty of time to think of all the reasons why he didn't quite pull it off. The

jockey didn't understand him...he doesn't like right-handed bends or a give in the ground...he is never himself in September.

If there is one thing a racehorse teaches you it is never to give up hope. That is why in a few years' time I look forward to reading in the sale catalogue: "This colt is three-quarters brother in blood to Music Box" or "This filly is bred on the same lines as Music Box..."

Music Box and I will have retired by then—if not on her winnings then on mine.

NOTICE

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

3RD RACE MEETING
8th & 10th November, 1958

The following conditions for 1958 Ponies for the above race meeting, entries for which close at NOON on Tuesday, 28th October, are announced:—

CLASS B (1st Day) — DRAGON'S BACK PLATE.
Winner \$4,000. Second \$2,250. Third \$1,750. Weight 147 lbs. Winners 7 lbs. penalty. Ponies which won less than \$2,250 in stakes 5 lbs. allowance. Ponies which won less than \$4,000 in stakes 3 lbs. allowance. Entrance \$5. FROM THE TWO MILE POST (About half a Mile 170 Yards).

CLASS C (1st Day) — MIDDLE SPUR PLATE.
Winner \$4,000. Second \$2,250. Third \$1,750. Weight 147 lbs. Stakes winners 3 lbs. penalty. Entrance \$5. FROM THE TWO MILE POST ONCE ROUND & IN (About One Mile 171 Yards).

By Order of the Stewards,
A. E. ARNOLD,
Secretary.

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SAYS MR. THERM

SATURDAY SPORTS SPOT

What Is The Value Of All-Rounders In Local And World Sports?

Who is the best all-rounder in Hongkong today?

I was asked that question during a most interesting discussion I had with one of our leading officials the other evening and, as our conversation inevitably embraced some of the folks around us, it provided some excellent material for thought.

Before going on to review the merits of some of our sportsmen and of course sportswomen . . . who have shown unusual ability in several fields let me repeat, as accurately as I can, a most astonishing contribution which one person made to the discussion.

He said "All-rounders, or if you like Jacks-of-all-Trades, are a boon to domestic affairs in our little sporting world but internationally they are absolute poison. They are held up as club parsons and the youngsters who follow in their footsteps are, unintentionally maybe, given the impression that the highest achievement in sport is to be a good all-rounder."

"Nothing could be further from the truth and if Hongkong is to reach any heights in the international field it needs individualists and specialists. . . not a collection of sportsmen who do many things well, but not well enough."

Useful Man, But . . .

"I know that club committee men love to have their all-rounders on call. They are the world of 'Good Old Joe' who plays a useful game of cricket . . . rolls a good wood . . . can be relied upon to give a good impression of himself in the tennis team . . . the badminton team . . . and maybe even the soccer team. He's a useful man to have around all right but his merit should be kept in perspective for if you examine international statistics you will find that only a minority of honours have ever been won by men who have enjoyed the reputation of being all-rounders."

I need hardly tell you that such a tirade really set the tongues wagging and it was soon obvious that views on the merits of having an all-rounder

in your midst varied widely in accordance with your own particular association with sport.

On a purely personal note let me say I have a special regard for the man or woman who reaches a high standard of proficiency in several sporting activities.

Difficult

I believe they derive a great deal of satisfaction from the very variety of their efforts although, with our concentrated winter sports programme, it is sometimes difficult for even our most enthusiastic performers to exploit all their talents.

Nevertheless some of them do very well indeed and on the basis that variety is the spice of life I am certain they get a great deal of enjoyment out of the many activities they manage to pick into a comparatively short season.

I do not believe of course that it is the right preparation for international supremacy for it is surely undeniable that the odds must be heavily in favour of the talented man who specialises in order to attain near perfection in one activity but I do believe it is the kind of participation which makes local domestic sport the great institution it is.

By all means let the wonder boy concentrate on one thing . . . by all means let the promising youngster enjoy the help of an expert coach . . . but never let the spirit of the practising all-rounder be predicated to such things.

By

I. M. MACTAVISH

Where would sport in Hongkong be today without the bubbling enthusiasm of men like Coffey, Dhabhor, Pat Gardner, Spotty Pereira or the Army's John Higginbottom, veteran George Souza or even Johnny Driver, the big blonde wing-half in the Army football team who has fought his way to the finals of the Colony boxing Championships, has finished the 42 miles long course in the Walkathon, and has taken part in a dozen other events just for the fun of joining in.

The Backbone

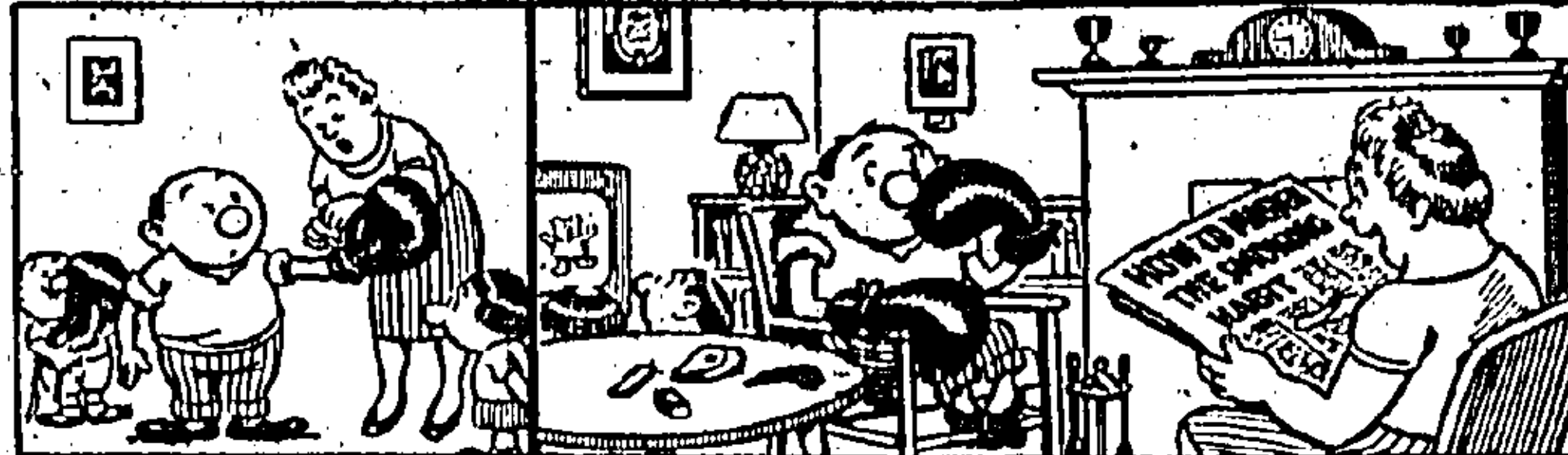
These are the kind of men who provide the backbone of our sport. Without them it would be a dull set-up indeed. The ladies, too, have their all-rounders and with the example of double triple champion Hsieh Kwong to guide them there will no doubt be more to follow.

Who would you nominate as the Colony's best all-rounder of the day?

When one talks about organised sport in this Colony it is easy to forget a contribution which is generally taken for granted yet makes many of our most important events possible. I refer to the work of the Hongkong Police.

SPORTING SAM

by Reg. Wootton



I refer to the work of the Hongkong Police. I was vividly reminded of the planning they put into every major sporting occasion when I talked at tomorrow's Cross Harbour Race to officials of the Hongkong Amateur Swimming Association which is handling the arrangements with its characteristic thoroughness. It was impossible not to notice the number of times I was told "oh, we leave that to the Police" or "the Police will see to that for us".

There is seldom an easy task but it is always well done.

The decision by FIFA that players who are nominated in a country's official list for the World Cup are automatically disqualified from taking part in the Football Tournament at the Olympic Games has apparently met with general approval in most parts of the world.

The Olympic Committee has already indicated that it sees nothing but good in the measure which has now been put into effect and there can surely be no doubt in any minds that this is a move designed to protect 'amateurism' from the ravages of State boosted teams in which the lives of the so-called amateur players are subsidised at every turn by the country they represent.

One of the surprising outcomes is the fact that in Hongkong there is a feeling that we shall not be affected. How short-sighted that point of view may turn out to be.

Important Point

The important point is that both FIFA and the Olympic Games organisers seem determined that the scheme will work and that means that every entry will be scrutinised with the greatest care.

It means too that those people who once signed guarantees of eligibility with their tongues in their cheeks will now have to think very carefully. That is all to the good because it seems likely that the Olympic Committee will eventually recommend that similar control should be imposed in 'lower' events such as, for example, the Asian Games.

This would mean that South Korea, Indonesia, and Israel would have to build a special side for these games for they have already on paper or in fact - taken part in the World Cup. With the current accusation of hidden professionalism hanging over our heads at the present time, and certain fac-

WEEK-END HOCKEY

Programme Of 3 Entertaining Games Tomorrow

By TONY MYATT

This weekend's first division hockey programme of three matches looks like being a very entertaining one. With one exception they should be very closely contested.

The first game is scheduled for 2.30 p.m. on Sunday at Sookunpoo, between IRC 'A' and Macaensis 'A'.

Weighing the performances of these two teams during the last couple of weeks, I would say that IRC 'A' are definitely favoured to take maximum points in this encounter. But, it would be wrong to overlook the chances of the Portuguese team scoring an upset.

Fast Forwards

The fate of this game may very well rest on the shoulders of both teams' defenders. Both forward lines are very fast and they are going to need all the backing up they can get.

IRC have nothing to worry about if their defence plays true to last weekend's encounter with the HKHC, but as for the Macaensis counterparts, all I can say is they are going to need all their wits about them if they are to keep those goal-hungry IRC forwards at bay.

The Navy it seems, are a very determined and hardpressing

bunch of hockey players, and from reports that have reached my ears, it appears as though they were very unfortunate not to win their game against Recreo 'A' last week.

An Upset?

This weekend, at 4 p.m. at Sookunpoo, the sailors take on Navy Bharat 'A' and I feel there is every possibility of an upset.

Navy Bharat beat IRC 'A' by 5-3, mainly because IRC found those closing minutes a bit too trying. Navy beat IRC 'A' by 1-0, and they are a team who keep on fighting till the final whistle. Whatever the outcome, I feel this game will take the high spot in the weekend fixtures.

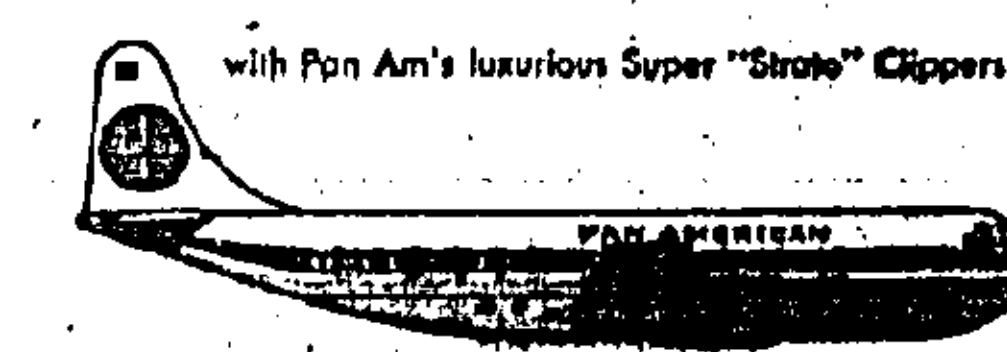
The final game on Sunday at the same venue with the bully off at 6.30 p.m. is between Army 'A' and the HKHC, and I will not hesitate to predict a comfortable win for the soldiers.

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Combined RAF XV Face Club "A" In This Afternoon's Rugger Thriller

Faced with a serious shortage of players due to a crop of injuries recently, the RAF Island and Mainland are today unable to field two full XV's, and rather than let both games be postponed they have combined into one XV which while not the full RAF XV for the Hexangular Tournament is as near to it as injuries will allow.

This strong XV will face Club "A" on the Club ground at 4.30 p.m. this afternoon in what should without doubt be the thriller of the afternoon. Also scheduled for the same ground at 3.15 p.m. is the Club "B" XV versus the Lancashire Regiment.

At Sookunpoo at 3.30 p.m. the Police take on the strong Green Howards "A" XV in what should turn out to be another good match.

The Navy, with their match against the RAF postponed have been able to fix up another game with the Green Howards "B" XV. This match will start at 3.15 p.m. on the Happy Valley ground.

Much Stronger

In the Club "A" game the Club XV is much stronger in attack this week with Cook being promoted to the wing berth outside Valentine, but in the forwards, Steven is missing from his usual position, and Newbligin drops back to

lock, with Collinson returning to the second row. While this is no longer an outstanding pack as it was when Wright was here, it is still a very strong forceful one and should be capable of dominating the RAF forwards.

Serious Fault

The latter have a very serious fault in that they continually put the ball back from the line and this is the type of fault of which the Club forwards are usually only too quick to take advantage.

The RAF three line is very fast and strong in attack but their passing is suspect, and against the hard tackling Club backs it is unlikely that they will get away with many errors in this department.

The Brackenbury - Martin combination in the centre is the greatest danger, and for the Club to win these two must be well marked.

The Club in Bennett and O'Kelly have the better pair of halves and with a more regular possession of the ball the Club

should win but they will have to battle every inch of the way. In the first game on the Club ground the Club "B" with a win behind them may settle down early on and they could chalk up another victory, provided the Club forwards do as well as on their last run out.

The Lancashire Regiment have had a few victories already, and with their faster backs they should be capable of beating the Club "B" side, always provided their forwards can hold their own.

Passing Badly

The Club "B" backs are still passing badly and this grievous error will probably mean another loss on their scoreboard.

The Police in the match at Sookunpoo are at full strength and while their forwards are impressive the Police three while good individually, lack cohesion, and lack the Police fly-half is inclined to starve them which helps neither their morale nor their chances of set-

By

Pak Lo

ting down into the strong attack they could well be.

Against them is the strongest Army unit of the lot, the one XV which is always willing to tackle any other XV, whatever their strength, which is more than can be said of the other Army units with the exception of the RAMC.

Forceful Attack

The Green Howards have a very strong heavy pack, a good safe pair of halves in Wood and Hommersham and a very forceful attack behind these two players.

It is probable that they will play a wide open game which is sure in the end to overcome the Police whose three are not quite fast enough for the type of play throughout the whole seventy minutes, and the Green Howards looks the more likely to leave the field the victors, though it will not probably be by a large margin. In the game at Happy Valley, the Navy are very strong this week, with the aid of players

from one of the New Zealand ships, and the Green Howards "B" are unlikely to win against such strong opposition.

The Teams

Following are the teams for today's matches:

Police: Johnston, McEwan, Scott, Bellingham, O'Hare, Riech, Lewis, Purves, Cunningham, Shelley, Ross, Thomas, Roberts, Bryan, Halgh.

Green Howards "A": Latham, Wood, Goulds, Embley, Hommersham, Wood, Lemage, Low, McIntosh, Garnett, Godsell, Oakden, Mander, Carney.

RAF: Wilcox, Coombes, Brackenbury, Martin, Miller, Radcliffe, Fletcher, Wright, Potter, Halgh, Fors, A.N. Other, Lewis, Moss, Roberts.

Club "B": Martin, Heenan, Addis, D'Eath, McFayen, Lochrie, Steward, Turner, Dilworth, Whitley, Barnes, Swinley, Armstrong - Wright, Sank, Spencer.

Club "A": McTavish, Inglis, R. Laville, Valentine, Cooke, O'Kelly, Bennett, Williams, King, Walker, Collinson, Howe, Campbell, Newbligin, Leonard, Lanes, Woodward, Ayres, Smith, Baker, Hollingsworth, Wallwork, Clarke, Joynton.

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CHINA MAIL

Page 20

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1958.

Sheaffers
NEW BALLPOINT
WITH EXCLUSIVE
STERLING SILVER TIP

DONALD CAMPBELL FAILS TO BREAK RECORD

Polio In Singapore

Singapore, Oct. 24. Seven more cases of poliomyelitis were reported in Singapore today.

The total for the seven-week outbreak is now 148 with five deaths.

One of today's cases is the 13-year-old son of a British army corporal.

The Health Minister, Mr. A. J. Bragg, said, "disdains all standard advice about precautions to avoid it. Without active immunisation, people are really helpless in the face of it—it may strike anyone."—Reuter.

And Wigan

Wigan, Lancashire, Oct. 24. About 2,000 doses of American anti-polio vaccine lie in cold storage here because parents refuse to let it be used on their children, a health official has stated.

He added: "The vaccine will go to waste, if it is not used by the end of November. It will be no longer safe."—China Mail Special.

Coniston, Oct. 24. Donald Campbell today failed to break his world water speed record of 239.07 because of poor weather conditions.

He reached a maximum of 201.5 mph in a high-speed run in his jet hydroplane Bluebird on Coniston water, Lancashire.

After the run, Mr Campbell said conditions were not good enough.

But Bluebird performed beautifully and had phenomenal acceleration rising from 100 miles per hour to 200 in six seconds, he said.

Mr Campbell later made three more runs, but because of the poor conditions and some trouble with the canopy of his boat did not exceed 176.5 mph.

Talks Mooted Double Slayer Goes To Gas Chamber

Bonn, Oct. 24. Dr. Konrad Adenauer, the West German Chancellor, says in an interview which will be published tomorrow that he is willing to discuss the East German question with Mr. Nikita Khrushchev, the Soviet Prime Minister.

The interview will appear in tomorrow's Schwabische Landeszeitung, of Augsburg, Bavaria.—Reuter.

Double Slayer Goes To Gas Chamber

San Quentin, California, Oct. 24. Double slayer Bart Carlativo went calmly to his death after receiving a brief postponement today in a series of desperate attempts by his counsel to save him from the San Quentin gas chamber.

"God bless you all," the 52-year-old Filipino houseboy said to the 19 witnesses as he entered the gas chamber.

Carlativo was condemned for the slaying of Mrs. Camille Banks, 49, and her divorced husband, Joseph, 50, at Mrs. Barker's Stinson Beach, California, home in a bizarre attempt to inherit her \$150,000 estate. The Filipino houseboy lived next door and worked for Mrs. Banks. Mrs. Banks had been beaten to death with a hammer.

Authorities then found a will in which Mrs. Banks' \$150,000 estate was bequeathed to Carlativo. Handwriting experts testified at Carlativo's trial that both the suicide note and the will were forgeries by the houseboy.

Carlativo's execution was postponed five times by State Court and the U.S. Supreme Court. His appeals were based on contentions that he had been proven guilty only of forgery and that he was insane and therefore should not have been given the death penalty.—U.P.I.

TELEVISION

2 p.m. "The Great Gildersleeve"; 2:25, Douglas Fairbanks Presents "The Happy McGinns"; 3, Cantonese Feature—A Lesson Untold; 4:30, "Life of Riley"; 5, Children's Hour; 5:30, "The Great Gildersleeve"; 6, "The Great Gildersleeve"; 6:30, "The Great Gildersleeve"; 7, "The Great Gildersleeve"; 7:30, "The Great Gildersleeve"; 8, "The Great Gildersleeve"; 8:30, "The Great Gildersleeve"; 9, "The Great Gildersleeve"; 9:30, "The Great Gildersleeve"; 10, "The Great Gildersleeve"; 10:30, "The Great Gildersleeve"; 11, "The Great Gildersleeve"; 11:30, "The Great Gildersleeve"; 12, "The Great Gildersleeve".

Bazooka Doctor Is Sentenced To Death

Paris, Oct. 24. Dr. Rene Kovacs, former French swimming champion, was sentenced to death in his absence today by a military court in the ill-fated "Bazooka plot" to kill General Raoul Salan, French commander in Algeria.

Kovacs, a young medical doctor, is believed to have fled to Spain after being granted provisional freedom prior to his trial. Five other defendants in the case were sentenced to long prison terms a week ago for involvement in the plot.

The six men belonged to an extreme right-wing "counter-terrorist" group. They fired a home-made Bazooka at the office of General Salan in Algiers on January 10, 1957, in a plot to remove him for being "too soft" and symbolizing a government they feared would "abandon Algeria."

Salan escaped, however, having left his office early. Salan's aide, Colonel Robert Rodier, was killed. Instead, Gabriel Basset was wounded in the attack.—France-Press.

BOYS AND GIRLS PAGE SOLUTIONS:

TRAIN
TRESSES
RID TWO
UP PA
SLY MOP
TEASERS
SMART

SOUND ALIKES: Hair, ere, err.
WORD SQUARE: SPRAY, PROVE, MOVIE, AVAIL.
WORD CHAIN: PERCH, peach, peace, PLACE.
WORD TRIANGLE: 8 MEN, ROAD, MOVIE, TEASER, SENDERS.

REDIFFUSION

11:30 a.m., The Day Of The Trifids—Episode 8; 12 Noon, Tune Time; 1:30 p.m., Three Men On A Horse—Part 1; 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

This Funny World



THE MAYOR GOT A SHOCK!

Paris. M. ALFRED Coste-Florat, Deputy Mayor of Luchon, accompanied distinguished guests and officials to the local casino to judge an automobile show.

Suddenly they stopped in horror. There, in a window at the entrance, were pictures of pretty girls, not even sexually clothed, and underneath, this sign: "For all information please apply to the bar."

M. Coste-Florat applied for information immediately, and was told: "The pictures are for sale, monsieur. Would you like some for your friends?"

"I would like you to take them down, and quickly," replied M. Coste-Florat.—Reuter.

Museum Of Grimm's Fairy Tales

Bonn. The Brothers Grimm Society in Kassel, West Germany, is dedicated to the memory of the collectors of fairy tales, Jakob and Wilhelm Grimm.

It will contain mementoes, books and illustrations, as well as scientific documents, which have some connections with the brothers.

The brothers Grimm worked during the first half of the 19th century. They not only collected German fairy tales and legends, but are also well known for their work in philology.

"Grimm's Law," which describes vowel shifts in Indo-European languages, has become one of the corner stones of comparative philology.—Reuter.

Table Tennis

Vienna, Oct. 24. The entire Hungarian team has withdrawn from the Austrian International Table Tennis championships, due to be played here on November 1 and 2, it was learned here today.

The Hungarian move follows the entry of Mrs. Agnes Simon, a refugee Hungarian who now plays for Holland.—Reuter.

A Treat For HK Children



Kit Carson

American cowboy film star Kit Carson will visit the Michaels Fair this afternoon to sign autographs for children.

He is expected to arrive early in the afternoon and will stay until 6 p.m.

The fair which is being held in the grounds of St. John's Cathedral, Garden Road, will be opened by Lady Black at 11 a.m. today.

FARMER GOES BERSERK

Lincolnton, N.C., Oct. 24. A berserk tenant farmer with a "mean" reputation killed three women, including his wife, and wounded four other persons in an eight-hour rural rampage today before he was killed in a barrage of posse gunfire.

The farmer, Leroy Cook, 28, fell behind a huge oak tree as bullets ripped into his body from all sides. But he died only after wounding three members of the posse sent to bring him in, including Lincoln County Sheriff Frank Heavener.—U.P.I.



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TO COMBAT CRUELTY BY JOINING THE SOCIETY or by sending us a Donation.

Life Membership \$100.00
Subscribing Member \$ 10.00 per annum
Junior Member ... \$ 1.00 per annum

Mr. T. W. FRIPP, Hon. Treasurer, c/o Hong Kong Electric Co., Ltd., P. O. Building, Hong Kong.

To ADVERTISERS

SUNDAY POST-HERALD Space for commercial advertising should be booked not later than noon on Wednesday.

For the SOUTH CHINA MORNING POST and the CHINA MAIL, 48 hours before date of publication.

Special Announcements and Classified Advertisements as usual.

CHINA MAIL

HONGKONG PUBLISHED DAILY (AFTERNOON)
Price, 20 cents per copy, Saturdays 30 cents.
Subscription: \$5.00 per month.
Postage: China and Macao \$3.00 per month, U.K., British Possessions and other countries \$7.00 per month.
News contributions always welcome, should be addressed to the editor, business communications and advertisements to the secretary.
Telephone: 2611 (4 lines)
KOWLOON OFFICE: Salisbury Road, Telephone: 8143.

Classified Advertisements 20 WORDS \$4.00 for 1 DAY PREPAID
ADDITIONAL INSERTIONS \$2.00 PER DAY
10 cents PER WORD OVER 20
Births, Deaths, Marriages, Personal \$5.00 per insertion not exceeding 25 words, 25 cents each additional word.
ALTERNATE INSERTIONS 10% EXTRA
If not prepaid a booking fee of 10 cents is charged.

PREMISES TO LET KOWLOON

KHIMSHATRU, 2 bed rooms, living room, servant's quarters, 2 baths, kitchen, gas cooking. Apply 12, Nathan Road, 1st floor.

WANTED KNOWN

SYSTEMS—First shipment of de-luxe Japanese oysters arrives on Saturday, Oct. 25, at 10:00 a.m. Apply 12, Nathan Road, 1st floor.

STAMPS

SOMETHING EXCLUSIVE. Collectors' packets of scarce stamps. At auction, Oct. 25, at 10:00 a.m. China Morning Post Ltd., Wyndham Street, Hong Kong and Salisbury Road, Kowloon.

CHURCH NOTICE

ST. PETER'S CHURCH The Mission to Seamen 40 Gloucester Road, Tel. 7441
8:30 a.m. Holy Communion.
7:00 p.m. Evensong.
(Other Services arranged at any time by request.)

H.K.S.P.C.

Needs financial support for the sake of poor children



Please address communications: Secretary, Hongkong Society for the Protection of Children, P.O. Box 2508 Hong Kong.

Please send us your unwanted toys. Collection centre at Rediffusion.

MADE WITH REAL BUTTERFAT

ICE CREAM

AVAILABLE IN A LARGE SELECTION OF DELICIOUS FLAVOURS

Large Blocks & 1 Gallon Containers

from The Dairy Farm

Printed and published by PETER PLUMSBY for and on behalf of South China Morning Post Limited at 1-3 Wyndham Street, City of Victoria in the Colony of Hong Kong.

ORIENT & PACIFIC LINES

Trans-Pacific Sailings in 1959

WESTBOUND	San Fran	Los Angeles	Honolulu	Yokohama	Kobe	arr: Hongkong
"HIMALAYA" 4th Apr. (27,955 tons)	6-9th Apr.	10th Apr.	15th Apr.	23-24th Apr.	23-26th Apr.	29th Apr. *
"HIMALAYA" 24th Aug.	27-29th Aug.	30th Aug.	4th Sept.	12-13th Sept.	—	17th Sept. †
EASTBOUND	Yokohama	Honolulu	Vancouver	arr: San Francisco		
"CHUSAN" 12th May (24,215 tons)	16th May	23rd May	29-29th May	31st May	(Cruises then leaves S.F. 20th June for U.K. via Panama.)	
"ORONRAY" 6th Nov. (27,632 tons)	10-11th Nov.	17th Nov.	23rd Nov.	26th Nov.	(Continues to Sydney via New Zealand.)	
SOUTHBOUND	Manila	arr: Sydney				
"HIMALAYA" 17th Sept.	19th Sept.	26th Sept.	(Leaves Sydney 2nd Oct. for U.K. via Suez.)			
NORTHBOUND	Manila	arr: Hongkong				
"ORONRAY" 27th Oct.	4th Nov.	6th Nov.	(Continues Trans-Pacific—see above.)			

Routes and Sailings are subject to change or cancellation with or without notice.
For full particulars apply to: MACKENZIE & CO. OF HONG KONG LTD. TELEPHONE NOS. 2721/4, 2448.